

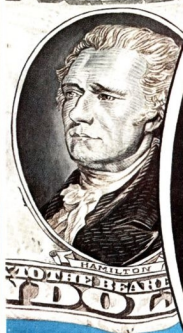
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 10, 1965

THE WORLD'S NEED FOR MONEY
Should the Dollar Be Almighty?

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



THE SECRETARY
OF THE TREASURY

Bernard Safran



FOWLER

VOL. 86 NO. 11

ISSUED WEEKLY



© 1970, DREXEL FURNITURE COMPANY

Moving In? Moving Out? Moving Up? Then...now's the time for Drexel!

Moving into your first home? Out of old surroundings into new?

Moving up in the business and social world? Then . . . now's the time for Drexel . . . furniture that takes the doubt out of decorating!

Drexel has a style to reflect your individuality—Provincial, Traditional, Early American, Mediterranean, Contemporary or Modern . . . one that reflects *your* tastes and interests.

In your move to improve, consider the exciting new look of Viewpoint '70, Drexel's sophisticated modern col-

lection, "engineered" with such custom-designed features as automatic interior lighting.

As flexible as it is functional, Viewpoint '70 will adapt readily to both your present and future needs.

Its easy versatility and elegant simplicity are at home in traditional and contemporary settings.

Whatever the inspiration, Drexel furniture reflects the tender, loving care of many human hands . . . the fine art of experienced craftsmen.

Make Drexel *your* next move!

This is Viewpoint '70, a present-perfect blend of beauty, timelessness of design, durability, function. And above all, comfort. Its lustrous walnut veneered construction is polished to a gleaming, deep-hued finish. Priced appropriately, the sofa lounge is about \$450. See your Drexel dealer—sure to be a store where quality comes first.

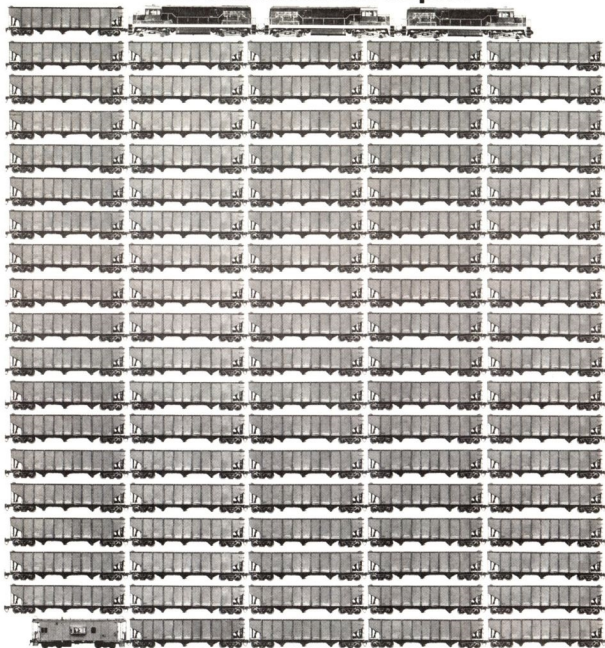


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A Division of Drexel Enterprises, Inc.

For a booklet collection of Drexel's furniture styles, send 50¢ to Drexel Furniture Company, 155 Hoffman Road, Drexel, N. C.

The train that never stops...



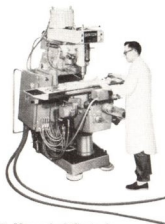
except to save you money

It's the unit train, helping hold the lid on price inflation and writing one of the brightest chapters in the railroad comeback story. Unit trains carry vast tonnages of a single commodity from point to point, shuttling constantly from loading to consumer sites at great savings to the public. Such methods of

carrying coal are cutting electric utility bills \$50,000,000 a year. Grain and ore are also hauled with similar economy. Today's unit trains are another way in which the self-supporting railroads are providing better service at lower cost for everybody, and are shaping a better transportation future for all America.

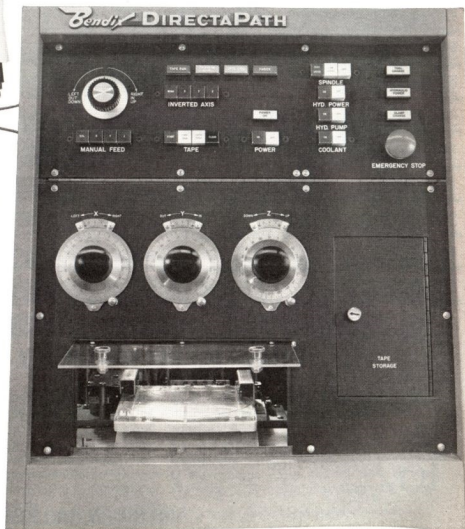
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

5 ways Bendix is helping manufacturers increase the buying power of your dollar:



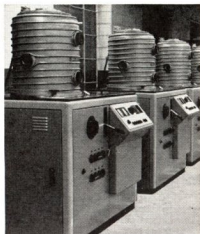
1. Numerical Controls.

Smaller firms can now afford automatic metalworking with Bendix DirectaPath®, a third less costly than larger, more complex systems. By means of magnetic tape, it controls an adjacent metal-working machine through a series of steps to produce a precision part from raw stock—automatically.

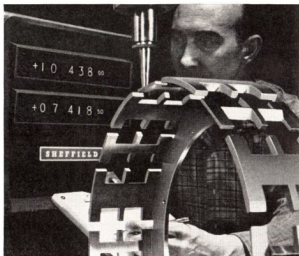




2. Automatic Gaging. A Bendix Rondi-Gage measures precision parts for "out-of-roundness"—while the part is in the machine. It is bringing new levels of accuracy to precision manufacturing.



3. High-Vacuum Techniques. Bendix-Balzers thin film evaporators are widely used in the production of microelectronic circuits, surface mirrors and semiconductor products.



4. Precision Measuring. Bendix-Sheffield Cordax Inspection Machines, with twice the accuracy of similar equipment, handle hole and surface inspection in minutes instead of hours or days.



5. Automatic Process Monitoring. Bendix gas chromatographs and similar instruments help processing industries control and increase product yields.

More and more manufacturers are relying on Bendix equipment to increase production, improve product quality and reduce scrap. The five examples shown are only part of the story. Bendix high-speed measuring systems, machines that reproduce engineering drawings from computer tape, and systems that use high frequency sound to clean parts and components are in broad use by a variety of industries here and abroad. Results: lower costs and better quality for manufacturers today . . . greater value for you tomorrow. Can we assist you in any of these areas? Write us. Fisher Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202.



Where Ideas Unlock the Future

AH, YOUTH.

Like a lot of people, Allstate is 34 years old.

Being 34 is kind of nice.

For one thing, we find that we think like the people who buy insurance from us.

We think sound, solid and down-to-earth. Frills and hoopla just aren't our cup of tea.



Rigid formality and puffery bother us. We'd rather stick to plain talk and good old honest values.

And we make a dollar do a dollar's worth of work (especially gratifying if it happens to be your dollar).

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And 7 million young families trust Allstate with all or part of their insurance.

Their number keeps growing, because as new policyholders sign on, old ones stay on—year after year after year.

Which proves, after all, that we're only as young as you think you are.



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where people come for value and stay for service**

Allstate® Insurance Companies—founded by Sears



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Witness the fact it has no radio (FM or AM tuner). It has no extras whatsoever. It is purely and simply one of the finest record players on the market today.

If you prefer to listen to records of your own choosing, not simply as background sound for the buzz buzz of conversation, but for the pure enjoyment, yea contentment, of concert hall clarity, this system warrants your time and attention.

It is not just a purchase but an investment in leisure time well spent. You need not be familiar with the intricacies of high fidelity equipment but you should have a deep and abiding love of music to fully appreciate the results afforded by combining the renowned Shure V-15 Cartridge,

the superb Dual changer-turntable and the perfectly matched Shure Amplifier and stereo speakers.

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If our post card has already been clipped from the magazine when you read this, write: *Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.*

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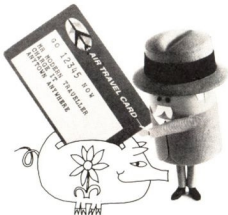
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 8

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.).* *Elephant Walk* (1954), with Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews and Peter Finch. Color.

Thursday, September 9

ONCE UPON A TRACTOR (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Alan Bates, Diane Cilento and Melvyn Douglas in the third of a series of dramatic programs about the activities of the United Nations.

Friday, September 10

AMERICANS ON EVEREST (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Orson Welles narrates a report on the conquest of Mount Everest by an American team, as seen in on-the-spot film footage. Color.

FDR (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). "Going Home" documents the sorrow over the death of Roosevelt, and Harry Truman's installation at the head of an uncertain country. Repeat.

Saturday, September 11

N.F.L. PRESEASON GAME (CBS, 3:30 p.m.). The New York Giants v. the Minnesota Vikings at Rosenblatt Stadium, Omaha, Neb.

WORLD SERIES OF GOLF (NBC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Jack Nicklaus, winner of the Masters tourney, will be joined by U.S. Open Champion Gary Player, British Open Winner Peter Thomson and Dave Marr, winner of the P.G.A. Color.

MISS AMERICA PAGEANT (CBS, 10-12 p.m.). Bert Parks and Bess Myerson host the annual walk-on.

Sunday, September 12

LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). First of a two-part drama-discussion series on the life of Dante.

N.F.L. PRESEASON GAME (CBS, 2 p.m.). Washington Redskins v. Detroit Lions at Canton, Ohio.

U.S. NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP'S (ABC, 2-4 p.m.). More than 300 players compete for national titles on the courts at Forest Hills, N.Y.

WORLD SERIES OF GOLF (NBC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The final six holes.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). The Beatles open the 18th fall season of the Sullivan show with six of their hit tunes. Other guests include Soupy Sales and Cilla Black.

THE EMMY AWARDS SHOW OF 1965 (NBC, 10-11:30 p.m.). The 17th year has Sammy Davis and Danny Thomas doing the presenting.

Tuesday, September 14

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*, with William Holden, Grace Kelly, Fredric March and Mickey Rooney. Color.

RECORDS

Virtuosos

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ (2 LPs; Columbia) gave his first recital in a dozen years last May 9 at Carnegie Hall; this is a recording of that long-awaited performance. The program, which ranges from a Bach-

* All times E.D.T.



Loneliness: it comes with the territory. American Express asks, why?

Another lonely business trip.

Another lonely taxi ride into another anonymous city late at night.

You listen to the driver talking but you don't hear him. You're thinking about home and wondering what your wife is doing and wishing she were there, sitting beside you.

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When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your American Express Card when you

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And you can choose the way you want to pay for her ticket.

1. Extended plan. Take up to a year to pay. The low service charge saves you money. (See box.)

PLAN	12-MONTH CHARGE PER \$100
"Sign & Fly" service	\$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Another major credit card plan	More than \$9.50

2. Regular billing. You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your next American Express statement with no service charge.

"Sign & Fly" Air France, American, Braniff, Continental, Delta, Eastern, National, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, TWA, United, Western, 49 other airlines.

New lower family fares are now available on most U.S. airlines.

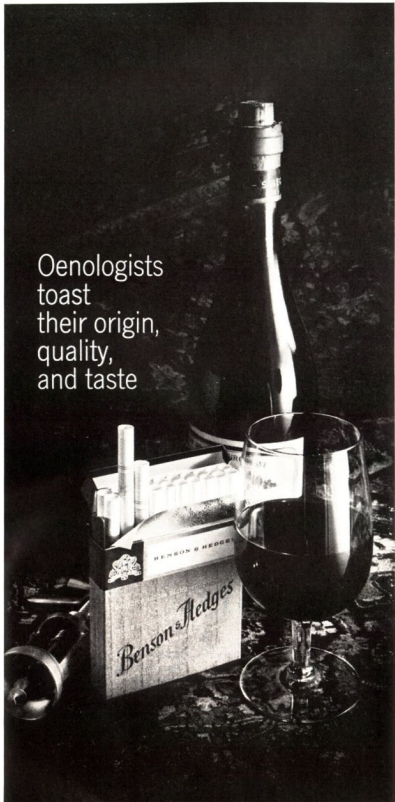
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you get more.

Busoni toccata (Horowitz's good luck piece because it was the first selection on his debut program) through Chopin to Scriabin, shows a variety of technique and mood from lyric tranquillity to bravura virtuosity. The pianist is master of them all. Perhaps most beautiful is the inspired Schumann *Fantasy in C Major*; the final notes of the second movement float out as if played on an English horn and last unbelievably long.

RAYMOND LEWENTHAL (RCA Victor), who has the steel wrists and flying fingers for the job, is largely responsible for a revival of interest in the piano works of Charles-Valentin Alkan.

ISAAC STERN (Columbia). The violin concertos of Samuel Barber and Paul Hindemith test Stern's talents in contrasting ways. For Barber, the violin must gently caress the lush phrases and clearly sing the profusion of simple melodies. With Hindemith, the instrument becomes one of dark conflict. Stern is superbly in control of both, as is Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic.

ADOLF SCHERBAUM (Deutsche Grammophon) is the world's foremost master of the baroque trumpet, an instrument without valves (which were not added until the 19th century). On this record he presents music by Vivaldi, Torelli, Telemann, Graupner and Fasch. Clearly conversant with the horn's volatile upper register, Scherbaum sends silver runs and trills echoing through imagined medieval castles or floating above mirrored lakes at dawn.

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER (Philips) continues his masterful recording of Beethoven, this time with piano sonatas 11, 1, 19 and 20. The full range of the composer's feelings is delineated in a firm, subtle style that lets no idiosyncrasy of the pianist cloud Beethoven's mood—which in these sonatas is light and easy, and even witty.

INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL (Everest) provides an opportunity for piano lovers to hear and compare the styles of several virtuosos—Arrau, Backhaus, Brailowsky, Casadesu, Janis and Kempff—in a single benefit concert for the U.N. Commission for World Refugees. The program hitches together the warhorses of the piano repertory, but they are played with freshness and excitement. Standouts are Wilhelm Backhaus' definitive "Moonlight" Sonata, Byron Janis' unabashedly grand performance of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6*, and Wilhelm Kempff's crystalline playing of Schubert's *Impromptu in G Major*.

CINEMA

HELP! The Beatles are back—pursued on sea and ski by bloodthirsty Orientals and mad scientists from some of the wildest sight gags this side of the Marx Brothers.

RAPTURE. Patricia Gozzi, 15, gives a blazing performance as an emotionally starved child living in a lonely farmhouse on the Brittany coast with her bitter recluse of a father (Melvyn Douglas) and a feral servant girl (Gunnel Lindblom).

DARLING. Julie Christie's polished portrayal of the progress of a jet-set jade from obscurity to celebrity is irresistible in Director John (Billy Liar) Schlesinger's brittle satire.

THE IPCRESS FILE. A dim-sighted counter-spy gamely foils a scheme to scramble British brainpower.

SHIP OF FOOLS. Although Director Stanley Kramer has turned the allegorical *Ship* into a showboat, Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin,

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Henry M. Goodman will stretch
your crowded double bed
to fit a spacious
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YOU GET: 60" X 80" Queen-size
Beautyrest Mattress and Box Spring
plus free bed stretcher rails or frame.

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Beautyrest coils are not wired together. They're separate and independent. Each coil supports its own section of the body. No sag, no valley, no rolling together. Only firm, bodyfitting comfort.

No need to buy new bedroom furniture to enjoy the stretch-out comfort of a Queen-size Beautyrest. Simmons bed stretcher rails solve that problem. And, this month, they're yours **FREE** at Henry M. Goodman, with the purchase of a Queen-size Beautyrest mattress and boxspring. We will **GIVE** you a set of bed stretcher rails or a steel frame with casters to enlarge your present double bed. Then you're ready to enjoy your new Queen-size Beautyrest, 6 inches wider and 5 inches longer.

**This free offer lets you enjoy
20% more sleeping space!**

IF YOU PREFER, Buy Beautyrest twin or double size \$159 a set. Twin or Double long boy length \$179 a set or Super King-Size 78"x80" mattress and 2 box springs \$299 . . . and get stretcher rails or frame free of charge. Offer worth up to \$30.

This is your chance to sleep big and save money too. But hurry to Henry M. Goodman, offer is for this month **only.** MAIL or PHONE ORDERS promptly filled.

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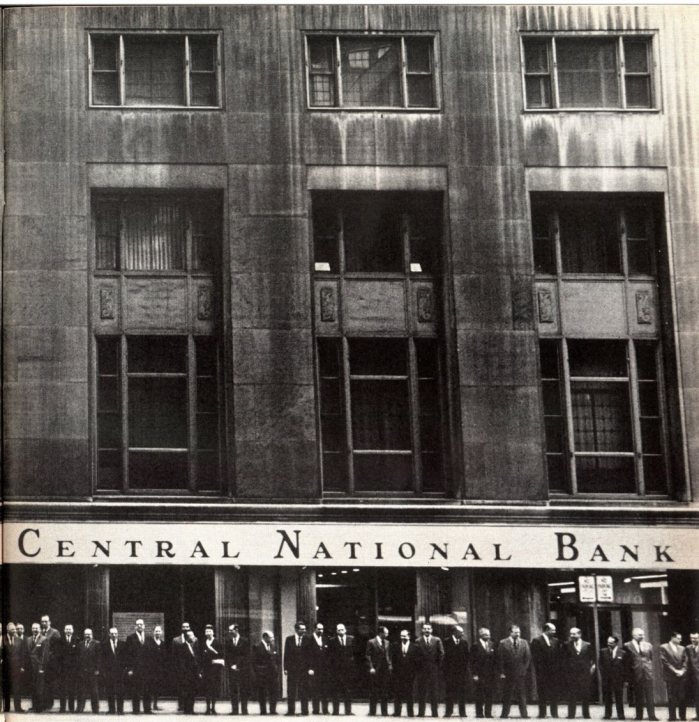


**There are 106 yes-men at
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You are looking at a group of no-nonsense, practical and cautious people with combined experience of over a hundred decades in finance and industry.

No one yet has convinced them that two and two make five. They are bankers.

But, they are Central National bankers. Optimism is part of their personality. They like the sound of "yes".



The 45 officers not shown above were away saying "yes" to old and new customers throughout Chicago and the midwest. Member: Federal Reserve System and F. D. I. C.

They know that people make balance sheets, and not the other way around.

As a matter of fact, these bankers and 45 more became officers of Central National because they said "yes" often enough to the right people.

The word "yes" sets the tone of our dealings with business giants, and those who are not yet giants.

Giant or not, if you'd like to see one of our 106 yes-men at your offices tomorrow, call 782-2520.

About the only officer who is apt to say "no" is Mr. Kevin McCarthy. He's our nightwatchman. But during banking hours, he is not on the premises.

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5 or 10 years,

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THE COLLECTOR. Samantha Eggar is a rare specimen captured by a demented lepidopterist (Terence Stamp).

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. This madcap comedy giddily conjures up a great London-Paris air race of 1910, highlighted by a flap-happy cast including Alberto Sordi, Gert Frobe, and Terry-Thomas.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE GARDENERS OF SALONIKA, by Alan Palmer. During World War I, the Allies used Macedonia as a dumping ground for out-of-favor generals. But in 1918 French General Franchet d'Espèrey refused to stay dumped; instead, he struck boldly at the heart of Germany through Belgrade and Vienna. Palmer tells the story of D'Espèrey's swift and decisive drive in highly readable style, and also wonders aloud why this strategy was not followed three years earlier.

SQUARE'S PROGRESS, by Wilfrid Sheed. When his wife calls him a bore and leaves him, a nice, adjusted insurance salesman sets out to discover the Cool World. He learns that hips are duller than squares.

ESAU AND JACOB, by Machado de Assis. Rio de Janeiro in the last decade of the 19th century is presented to the reader with a dated but delectable use of hyperbole, metaphor and epigram.

THE LUMINOUS DARKNESS, by Howard Thurman. The essays of Dr. Thurman, a Negro and dean emeritus of Boston University's chapel, reflect the experience of a man who has given thought as well as action to the cause of his people.

NEVER CALL RETREAT, by Bruce Catton. Deservedly the bestselling of Civil War historians, Catton shows the South overwhelmed and analyzes two great leaders: Lincoln, who resisted vindictive penalties on the South, and Lee, who refused to start a guerrilla war in the Virginia hills, which would have bled the country dry.

WARD 7, by Valeriy Tarsis. A bitter novel about a group of Russian intellectuals languishing in an insane asylum because they dared to oppose Soviet leaders.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (1 last week)
2. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (2)
3. Hotel, Hailey (3)
4. The Green Berets, Moore (4)
5. The Looking Glass War, Le Carré (5)
6. The Man with the Golden Gun, Fleming (9)
7. The Ambassador, West (6)
8. The Rabbi, Gordon
9. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (8)
10. Night of Camp David, Knebel (7)

NONFICTION

1. The Making of the President, 1964, White (1)
2. Is Paris Burning? Collins and Lapierre (2)
3. Inferno, Doctor X (3)
4. Games People Play, Berne (5)
5. Markings, Hammarskjöld (4)
6. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery (6)
7. The Oxford History of the American People, Morison (7)
8. The Memoirs of an Amnesiac, Levant
9. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (9)
10. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII



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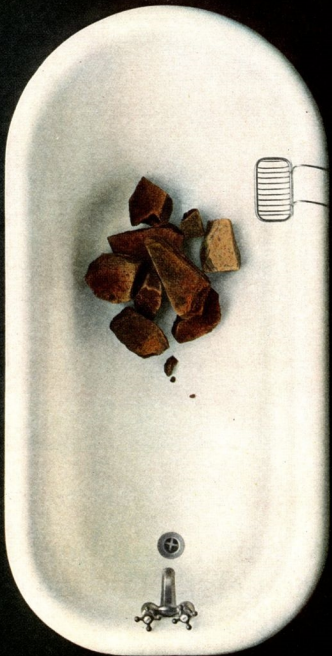
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We build equipment to help mine phosphate, carry it, crush it, process it, store it. So detergent manufacturers can get something out of it—sodium

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We design special railroad cars for bulk shipment of any dry or liquid chemical. And we maintain warehousing, packaging and distribution

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And when a person with unusual talents has made money, we can put that money to work, making more money for his heirs.

We administer trusts, manage estates, supervise investments. We advise, consent, research, explore, suggest, caution, encourage, and direct.

Investments? We have research analysts on our staff who do nothing but track and evaluate securities in all major areas of industry.

We also have experts in real estate, agriculture, petroleum, gas, and many other specialized invest-

ment fields. And our trust officers, who supervise your accounts, meet regularly with you and our various specialists so that this fund of knowledge may be applied most effectively to your personal needs.

May we meet with you and your lawyer to talk about your estate?

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An S&H Incentive Program is flexible. It differs from one-prize incentive programs that give money, trophies, or company-selected merchandise. S&H Green Stamps, by contrast, enable your salesman to select what *he* (or his wife) wants from hundreds and hundreds of prizes available immediately at more than 800 redemption centers throughout the U. S.

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Your S&H Incentive Program will be backed by our company's 68 years of integrity and experience. Your salesman will be backed by his wife. She's perhaps the greatest salesman of them all.

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Borg-Warner's Chairman Ingersoll is one subscriber you'll reach. You'll also reach President Lester G. Porter. Nine divisional presidents. Ten vice presidents. Key management executives in every division, subsidiary, affiliate. 223 subscribers in all.

In the diversified world of business, **BUSINESS WEEK** delivers the diversified news, facts, and features executives need. Over 470,000 management men subscribe to that statement. And to:



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LETTERS

Farm Policy

Sir: I enjoyed your cover story on the Farm Bureau's Charles Shuman [Sept. 3]. Shuman's farm philosophy is sound. His economics make sense for all of us, whether taxpayer, consumer or producer. TIME's piece should help speed up a long overdue overhauling of Government farm policy.

JOHN E. FOGARTY

Member of Congress from Rhode Island
Washington, D.C.

Watts Still Burns

Sir: Your cover story on the riots [Aug. 20] is a generally fair recital of Los Angeles' problems. But it is unfortunate that you did not go further into the subject of police brutality. The problem is more subtle than you indicate. The Negro's complaint is, in most cases, not one of physical brutality but of arrogance, of a lack of human decency and respect. Often, the attitude betrays the conviction that all Negroes are lawbreakers.

RUTH GREENSPAN

Los Angeles

Sir: Police brutality is not a *reason*; it is an excuse for weak-minded lawbreakers.

JOHN DANIEL WHITE

Mount Edgcombe, Alaska

Sir: Deliver us from white tolerance and understanding. Judging by TIME letters [Aug. 27], white people missed the point of the riots, which guarantees that they will happen again. For the first time, we have directed our hatred not at ourselves, but at the rightful objective, those who oppress us. For the first time, we have asserted our dignity, the dignity of rejecting what rejects us. If you still do not understand what the riots said, I will tell you. They said, "No, we do not love you," they said, "Go to hell and take your slums with you." Is it possible that you still don't dig?

ALMENA LOMAX

Editor-Publisher

Tribune
Los Angeles

Sir: My husband is Polish. When his family first came to this country, they were despised and discriminated against, as were thousands of Irish, Orientals, Jews and Italians. These people did not use discrimination as an excuse to burn, rape and pillage. With determination and work, they earned acceptance and made better lives for themselves and their children.

(MRS.) PEG DRABKOWSKI

Burdett, N.Y.

Sir: Will the Negro ever get equal as long as he keeps trying to get even?

BOB WIGGINS

Joseph, Ore.

Sir: Why should federal aid [Aug. 27] be rendered to an area that was instrumental in its own destruction? Why should crime pay?

ROZELLE W. COLEMAN

Denville, N.J.

Sir: You reported [Aug. 27] that "police in Mississippi's Amite County pointedly photographed Negroes waiting to register, menacingly asked them who their nearest white neighbors were." Then you began your Essay with the asinine statement: "Any Negro—literate or illiterate—who fails to vote in future elections will only have his own ignorance or indifference to blame." Need I say more?

DAVID LORENS

Assistant Editor

Negro Digest
Chicago

► No, since both statements are true.

Sir: Registration is not voting. What guarantees are there that the Negro in the South will be allowed to cast his ballot when election time comes? What is to prevent some of the self-styled "law-enforcement" officers from barring the way either physically or on trumped-up excuses?

RENATE HAYUM

Newark

Tribute to Jonathan Daniels

Sir: Thank you for your fine article on Jonathan Daniels [Aug. 27], a schoolmate and personal friend. As you recorded, Jon participated in the Selma-Montgomery march and returned to the seminary, but, contrary to your report, only long enough to petition the faculty for permission to return to Selma to live among my people. He and Judith Upham (E.T.S. '67) went back to Selma, studied by correspondence, and returned to Cambridge only at the end of the spring semester to write their exams.

CLARENCE BUTLER

Class of '67

The Episcopal Theological School
Cambridge, Mass.

Gemini's Kraft

Sir: You have done an amazing job in "Space" [Aug. 27], producing a scientifically accurate and dramatically absorbing

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Ed Martin, thoroughbred horse breeder and civil engineer, seen here on his Santa Ynez Farm in Santa Barbara County, California



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story of the accomplishments of Flight Director Chris Kraft and his staff. One aspect of this project likely to be overlooked by many readers, often too prone to belittle Government employees, is the heartening devotion of NASA personnel to the achievement of sustaining human life in space.

PAUL A. MCCARTHY

Redwood City, Calif.

Truth or Confidences?

Sir: The vitriolic responses to Arthur Schlesinger's unquestionably accurate comments on Dean Rusk [Aug. 27] demonstrate a disturbing fact of American political reality: the tendency to suppress rather than disseminate truth. If Kennedy seriously considered dropping Rusk, the American public is entitled to know it.

WILLIAM SAWREBYE

New York City

Sir: Thank you for exposing the so-called friends of and authorities on the late President Kennedy. It takes a pretty low form of human being to betray the confidences of a dead man.

EDITH McMANMON

Lowell, Mass.

Sir: Author Schlesinger's answer to criticism ought to be expanded to read: "I do not comment on impetuous reaction; I am too busy writing it."

DONALD W. RIEGLE JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

Fantasy Answer

Sir: The fantasy you reported of starving Haitian peasant mothers offering to sell their babies for 40¢ [Aug. 27] could be answered by the 600 U.S. church emissaries of various faiths who are in Haiti trying to help our underprivileged.

GERARD DE CATALOGNE

Director General

Office National de la Propagande
Republique d'Haiti
Miami Beach, Fla.

Sir: Having recently visited Haiti on a Baptist youth mission tour, I can testify to the deplorable conditions you describe. The poverty, ignorance and terror under which the Haitian people live are unbelievable. With no American aid and no Peace Corps workers, the only relief comes from church organizations and missionaries. If something else is not done soon, the Black Republic will erupt with repercussions that will match and exceed those of its Dominican neighbor.

JOHN W. FISHER

Lansdale, Pa.

The Hillhouse Mystery

Sir: Your article on Hillhouse High School [Aug. 27] is puzzling. As one who has read transcripts from Hillhouse for 19 years and watched Hillhouse graduates live up to expectations, I find it difficult to believe the charges made against the principal. Colleges don't judge students solely on senior-year interim marks. If there were serious altering of marks at any large high school, the fraternity of admission officers, a gossip group, would know about it; so would all the students and teachers in the high school. There is still a lot of mystery in this case.

EUGENE S. WILSON

Dean of Admission

Amherst College
Amherst, Mass.

Pilots' President Soyen

Sir: Your obituary on Clarence N. Soyen, former president of the Air Line Pilots Association [Aug. 27], properly recognizes his many contributions to air safety. But you say that he "called senseless strikes against the airlines in a bitter struggle for control of the smaller Flight Engineers Union." A review of the record will show that while the Air Line Pilots Association advocated that all aircraft flight-deck crew members be pilot-qualified, Mr. Soyen called no strikes to enforce this view. However, the Flight Engineers Union called several and was responsible for the resulting air-transportation shutdowns.

CHARLES H. RUBY
President

Air Line Pilots Association
Chicago

Edie & Andy Revisited

Sir: Down through history, the upper class has been entertained [Aug. 27] by clowns, buffoons and sideshows, so nothing has really changed.

CHARLES J. HUGGINS

Minneapolis

Sir: Your story serves as a reminder to us plain folk of the Midwest plains that not all corn is on stalks.

STAN GATES

Bloomington, Ill.

Sir: The story of Warhol, Sedgwick *et al.*, *ad nauseam*, was an indigestible item in and of itself. However, the additional misfortune of printing it along with the agonizing Los Angeles riot story lent a nightmarish, Kafkaesque irony to both pieces. One wonders just which group is the more adolescent, futile and self-destructive. At least the Wadad damn strong and pretty valid motivation for their temporary loss of reason.

BRIAN DENNEHY

Manorhaven, N.Y.

Sporting Life

Sir: Thank you for your fine article on the A.A.U. swimming nationals [Aug. 27]. But you forgot to mention the world record set by Kendis Moore of Phoenix in the 200-meter butterfly. This was the second world record by Miss Moore in the past month; the first was set in the 220-yd. individual medley. In addition, Bernice Wrightson of Phoenix swept all three diving crowns. This was the first time in the history of the meet that this had been accomplished.

BILL HUCK

Phoenix, Ariz.

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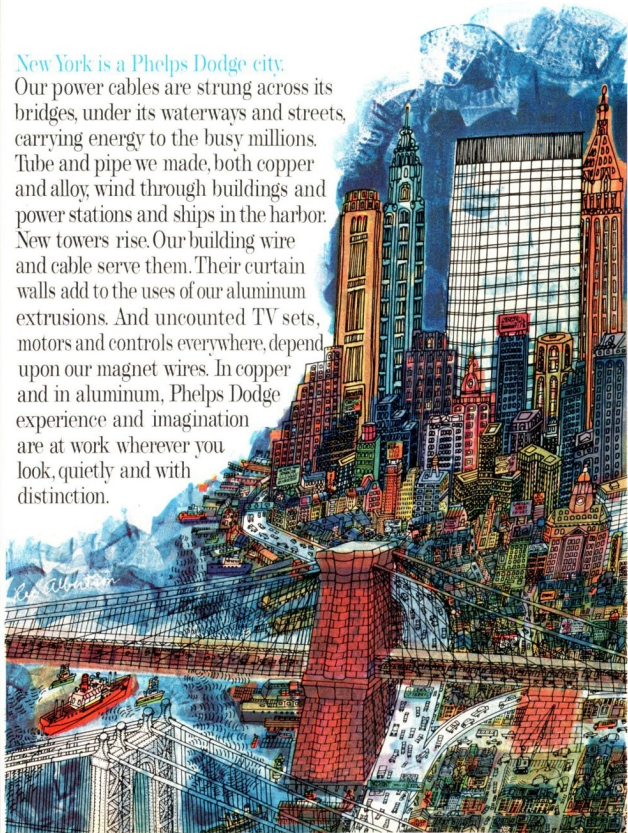
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

DURING the school year, TIME takes on a special meaning—and use—for more than 5,000 teachers and their students in the U.S., Canada and 23 other countries. As classes resume this fall, these teachers will be enrolling their students in the TIME Education Program, our classroom service that makes TIME, plus specially prepared teaching aids and testing materials, available to high schools and colleges from September through May.

Since the first issue in 1923, TIME has been an aid to educators and an important part of their curriculum, and never more so than today, when, as teachers tell us, each week's news is so much a part of what they teach, whatever the subject. The way we organize the news into as many as 24 different departments helps meet the special needs of social-studies teachers, as well as those in English, journalism, speech and art. The NATION and WORLD sections, for example, serve as a weekly text of current history, the basis for classroom discussions and reports. Virtually every department becomes a composition aid and a source for theme topics. And our full-color reproductions of paintings find their way into art classes and onto bulletin boards.

The supplementary materials sent to teachers enrolled in the program are designed to help them broaden and enliven their classes. One of the most popular of these aids—the collection of covers that have appeared on TIME during the summer—will shortly be going out to teachers enrolling for the 1965-66 school year. Other aids scheduled to follow will include background studies on the United Nations on its 20th anniversary, space, Viet Nam, civil rights and world religions. As events dictate, we shall also be sending extras



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during the school year, such as maps, charts and special reports.

An important part of our classroom service is a monthly testing program. Beginning with a 50-question Vacation Review Quiz in September, and ending with a Year-End Review in May, the program includes regular quizzes in intervening months, plus the widely used annual TIME Current Affairs Test in January. Based on a year's events, this 100-question test was taken last year by more than 1,000,000 students.

TIME plus the tests and teaching aids make up a comprehensive and stimulating program designed to help bring today's world into sharper focus in the classroom. Teachers who wish additional information about the TIME Education Program may write: TIME Inc. Education Department, Radio City, P.O. Box 666, New York, N.Y. 10019.

SINCE the inception of our LAW section in 1963, the consultant to the staff has been Professor Marvin E. Frankel of Columbia University Law School. Now, with mingled regret and pride, we are losing him. Last week President Johnson named Frankel to a federal judgeship in the Southern District of New York.

Emil Cebulski, chairman, social-studies department, Wallington (N. J.) junior-senior High School.

INDEX

Color: The View From Gemini 5...65

Cover Story...84 Essay: Ode to the Road...32

Art.....76	Medicine.....46	Science.....64
Books.....96	Milestones.....94	Show Business.....53
Cinema.....95	Modern Living.....68	Sport.....91
Education.....45	The Nation.....15	Time Listings.....6
The Hemisphere 28	People.....34	U.S. Business.....81
The Law.....37	Press.....61	The World.....21
Letters.....8	Religion.....73	World Business.....84



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 10, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 11

THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

The Whole Stack

"I don't know if anybody can do anything," declared the President. "But I'm willing to try."

In his determination to avert a nationwide steel strike last week, Lyndon Johnson tried just about everything. He summoned both sides from Pittsburgh, installed them in Room 275½ of the Executive Office Building across the street from the White House, and posted guards outside the drab chamber to keep newsmen and lobbyists away. At his prompting, industry and union bargainers labored as long as 15½ hours a day. As the strike deadline loomed, Johnson cut the lunchtime lag by sending in steaks and ice cream "to keep them hard at it." Toward week's end he talked direly of transporting both teams bodily to the LBJ Ranch where, he is fond of observing, the September sun can be a powerful persuader.

Planted in Concrete. Johnson's chief object was to prevent a strike, but that was by no means his only aim. Worried over new pressures on the economy (see following story), he wanted a settlement that was not only "fair and just" but also "noninflationary." According to the guidelines laid down by his Council of Economic Advisers, that meant a maximum 3.2% total increase in wages and

fringe benefits for the steelworkers, and the President made it clear that he thought this would be fair shakes for both labor and management.

It was not until the talks became hopelessly deadlocked in Pittsburgh that the President decided to intervene. When the negotiators were put to work in Room 275½, he urged them not to "plant your feet in concrete" but to "put the national interest first." Setting the stage for a Taft-Hartley injunction in case all else failed, he read economic reports warning of the "tragic consequences" of a strike, quoted one document from a Defense Department agency claiming that it "could not afford the loss of a single day's production."

When the negotiators reached another impasse, Lyndon got them to postpone their deadline for eight days, went on nationwide television to announce the reprieve only 27 hours before some 450,000 steelworkers were due to strike.

"A Few Pious Thoughts." All week long L.B.J. kept his blowtorch trained on the negotiators. He had Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz looking over United Steelworkers' President I. W. Abel's shoulder and Commerce Secretary John Connor hovering near Top Management Negotiator R. Conrad Cooper. When that tactic flagged, he sent Wirtz over to hound management and Connor to rile labor. After a breakfast meeting

with congressional leaders, he sent them trotting out of the White House clutching conveniently typed statements calling for a settlement. Almost minute by minute he received progress reports from his aides.

For a while even Lyndon's intense heat treatment failed to melt the deadlock. The industry claimed that it could not possibly boost its offer of a 40.6¢ hourly wage increase for a 35-month contract without raising prices, stirring Johnson's ire and losing sales to foreign steelmakers and competitive materials such as aluminum, plastics and cement. The steelworkers' Abel, who got elected earlier this year on a promise of plumper contracts, was equally adamant in refusing to scale down his demand for 49.8¢.

Finally, after days of such pressure, both sides began to wilt. At the first sign of a break, the President strode in to confront the negotiators, spent a full 43 minutes bombarding them with hard statistics and "a few pious thoughts," as he called them. He was in rare form. He flattered both sides, declaring that "Abel is an able fellow and a hard trader, but he has met his match in this fellow Cooper." He assured the industry that, with profits running at an alltime high, it could well afford a reasonable wage boost.

He reminded the steelworkers that



NEGOTIATORS ABEL & COOPER WITH CONNOR (BACK OF HEAD) & L.B.J.
A blowtorch hotter than a whole September of Texas suns.

their hourly wages (\$4.40, including benefits) were already one-third higher than the average for industrial workers; they hardly needed a massive, inflationary raise. Then, in stern-fatherly fashion, he urged both sides to weigh the grave damage a strike could wreak on the U.S. economy, on the war in Viet Nam. To underline his point, he noted that the record 116-day steel strike in 1959 had plunged the nation straight into a nine-month recession.

TV Credits. Still, with the long Labor Day weekend ahead and L.B.J.'s agents all around, the conferees showed no new signs of agreement. The President was not about to give up. "Mr. Rayburn always used to say that there comes a time for every leader when he must shove in his whole stack," mused Lyndon. "Well, I've shoved my whole stack in."

The last chips were the winning ones. As a final stroke, Johnson sent his top economic advisers to the bargaining table with the Administration's own specific "suggestions" for a three-year contract. That was all the negotiators needed. Both sides quickly accepted the terms, which call for an increase of 3.2% for the steelworkers, the maximum wage boost that the Administration considers "noninflationary."

The President immediately pre-empted prime TV time to distribute credit. "All America is grateful to these men you see beside me," said he—though Abel and Cooper looked far too weary to absorb anything as intangible as gratitude. Added Johnson: "The welfare of the American people—the needs of freedom in Viet Nam and in every continent—took precedence over any other consideration or interest or desire." The long, long stalemate, he suggested charitably, had not been "so the union would win, or the companies would win—but that the nation would win. And the American nation has won." And so, after winning the biggest victory of all, Lyndon Johnson at last got off to the ranch.

Cracks in the Ceiling

A few months ago, Administration experts were wondering how they could keep the nation's record boom going. Now, they're wondering how they can keep it from going wild.

Tougher Than Usual. The possibility of an inflationary steel settlement was only one cause for concern as the U.S. basked in its 54th straight month of prosperity. Even more disturbing was the anticipated spurt in defense spending to pay for the expanding war in Viet Nam. So far this year, President Johnson has demanded only \$2.4 billion in supplementary funds to fight the war, but that figure is virtually certain to top \$5 billion by the end of the current fiscal year; it could soar as high as \$12 billion a year thereafter. In addition, congressional eagerness to expand Administration proposals for medicare, social security, regional development, education, housing and other programs will

add several billion dollars to the Government's original price tag for the Great Society.

Plainly, while not acceding to Republican warnings that he will have to choose between "guns and butter," Lyndon Johnson can do little to control defense costs. Thus the President let it be known last week that he was taking steps to spread the butter—domestic spending—more thinly in next year's budget. He summoned Budget Director Charles L. Schultze for a White House conference—the 29th since June—and ordered him to launch a "more rigorous and searching quest for savings" among Government agencies and to be "even tougher than usual" with requests for new or expanded programs. The Administration's target: cuts of between \$6 billion and \$9 billion from the total requested by nondefense agencies for next year. The President has also instructed all Government agencies to apply Pentagon-style "cost-effectiveness" techniques to find "the most effective and least costly" alternatives for achieving Administration goals.

Signs of Sag. The underlying irony in the current cutback campaign is that only last June the President's experts saw serious signs of sag in the economy, persuaded him to engineer a \$3.4 billion excise tax cut and to hint at another slash in income taxes aimed at stimulating business activity next year. Now, by contrast, some officials are beginning to talk guardedly of a tax increase in 1966 if Viet Nam gets much more expensive. Thus far, the talk is muted, for no Administration likes to contemplate tax boosts in an election year.

Nonetheless, Lyndon Johnson has already had to abandon his cherished, if unrealistic, goal of keeping the U.S. budget below \$100 billion. He did so by a scant \$300 million when he originally submitted his budget for the current year, thereby projecting a politically valuable image of fiscal responsibility.

Now, only two months into the fiscal year, it is already clear that the \$100 billion mark, in the words of Budget Director Schultze, will "quite probably" be topped. Once that ceiling falls, it will almost certainly fall for good.

THE CONGRESS

Decolonizing Columbia

In defiance of good sense and simple justice, Congress for 91 years has served as self-appointed city council for the District of Columbia. Washington's 800,000 residents thus have no more control over their affairs than the people of a colonial territory. Every President since Harry Truman has sought home rule for the capital; so have both parties' platforms since 1948. Though the Senate has now passed the necessary legislation five times, almost every home-rule bill has died in the House District Committee, traditionally controlled by Southerners. Since Washington is the only major U.S. city with a majority of Negro citizens, the committee has always balked at the possibility that home rule would lead to Negro domination of the city government.

The capital's independence movement was playing itself out pretty much as usual this year, until Lyndon Johnson got behind the bill. The Administration lined up support for a discharge petition, an occasionally attempted but rarely successful parliamentary device (it has not worked in the House since 1960), by which the signatures of a majority of House members automatically remove a bill from committee jurisdiction and put it before the whole House. Last week home-rule advocates got the necessary 218th signature from Illinois Democrat George Shipley, who came back to Washington just to sign the petition. No action on the bill can take place until Sept. 27. Meanwhile, opponents of the measure threaten some artful dodges of their own. But the District of Columbia is closer to running



DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON
Enough population? Or too much of one sort?

its own affairs than at any time since it lost its independence by an Act of Congress during the Reconstruction era.

In other actions, Congress:

► Passed, by a 79-to-3 vote in the Senate, a bill authorizing the first federal scholarships for undergraduates and other substantial aid to higher education. The program involves \$667 million the first year, expands after that to a five-year total of \$4.7 billion. The Senate bill would cost \$42.5 million more than the House version, \$407 million more than the sum originally requested by the Administration.

► Passed, in both chambers, the final version of a bill to create a Department of Housing and Urban Development, an agency sought by the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. The eleventh Cabinet-level post will assume all the functions of the present Housing and Home Finance Agency, in addition to other city-oriented responsibilities.

► Advanced, by a Senate Labor Committee vote of 12 to 3, the controversial bill to repeal Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, the celebrated "right-to-work" clause, under which the states have the power to ban union-shop contracts (19 have done so). The Administration-backed repeal passed narrowly in the House, 221 to 203, and faces at least as close a contest on the Senate floor.

► Shelved until next year bills that would have increased unemployment compensation and the national minimum wage and imposed uniform criteria for drawing congressional district lines.

► Passed, by a 317-to-24 vote in the House, a \$90 million program to develop high-speed intercity rail service. The program, already approved in a similar form by the Senate, aims to lessen highway congestion by improving commuter service with trains that will go up to 150 miles an hour, initially on the Washington-New York-Boston run.

Ev's Curve Ball

"I'm the minority leader," cried Everett Dirksen, "and I'll be goddamned if I'll be pushed around!" That was hardly news to the Administration, which has heaped lavish praise on the Illinois Republican for supporting Lyndon Johnson's policies on major issues such as Viet Nam and civil rights. By way of asserting himself, nonetheless, Ev last week abruptly blocked the progress of the Administration's immigration bill—which he also happens to support.

A Deal? The bill, eliminating the national origins quota system that went into effect in 1929 (TIME, Aug. 13), had cleared the House, 318 to 95, and was awaiting routine consideration by the Senate Judiciary Committee. There was just one item to be disposed of first: Dirksen's proposed constitutional amendment on state legislative reapportionment. The issue has become a passion with Ev, who has been trying



MINORITY LEADER DIRKSEN



CONNECTICUT'S DODD

Pushy Turks? Or a double-cross?

for nearly a year now to modify the Supreme Court's ruling that both houses of state legislatures must be apportioned solely on the basis of population. In an earlier version, Dirksen's amendment ran into an eight-to-eight deadlock in the Judiciary Committee July 20th. He succeeded in maneuvering around the committee, got a 57 to 39 vote for his bill on the Senate floor—only seven votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority—and came back to the committee with an amended version.

This time, Dirksen was reasonably confident that he had the votes. He counted Connecticut Democrat Thomas Dodd for sure and possibly New York Republican Jacob Javits as well. If Dirksen thought he had a deal, so did the Senate's liberals who understood that they could get their immigration bill cleared as soon as a vote—any vote—had been taken on reapportionment.

Lyndon's Turn. But when the showdown came, the committee was deadlocked once again, with Dodd and Javits both opposing Dirksen. "For Christ's sake, Tommy!" exploded Ev. "You said you'd give me your vote." A doublecross? "He just misunderstood me," said Dodd. "These things happen." As for promising committee action on the immigration bill, shrugged Dirksen, "that was just general conversation." In any case, Dirksen forced a one-week postponement of the immigration bill as a point of personal privilege, and Ev's allies talked darkly of demanding full-blown hearings that might well postpone reforms in the immigration law until next year. Dirksen was adamant. Said he: "If these young Turks think they can push me around, they're badly mistaken. I've got some rights around here, and I know how to use them."

And that wasn't all; Dirksen ruled out further dilution of his much modified amendment. "I've been pitching

long enough," said he. "Now I want to be on the catching end." All of which, at week's end, moved the decision into the Administration dugout, where Manager Lyndon Johnson was searching for a consensus.

THE PRESIDENCY

Hopeful Head Start

In one of those ceremonies which bring out the pedagogue in the President, Lyndon Johnson showed up in the Rose Garden of the White House last week to make Operation Head Start a permanent part of the nation's educational system. Though it was established on an experimental basis only this summer, the program to assist preschool children from poor and broken homes has already benefited some 560,000 youngsters in 2,500 U.S. communities. Its success and "our plans for years to come," said L.B.J., "are symbols of our national commitment to the goal that no American child shall be condemned to failure by the accident of birth."

Landmark of Maturity. Before a group of physicians, psychologists and teachers invited to Washington to assess the program's results to date, the President pointed out that Head Start (initial cost: \$85 million) was intended to give medical and environmental assistance as well as educational help to backward children between the ages of four and six. Of those enrolled so far in the program—in which Lady Bird Johnson has also taken an active interest—an estimated 70% had never previously undergone a medical or dental examination. The youngsters, in the President's words, "were on the road to despair—to that wasteland of ignorance in which the children of the poor grow up and become the parents of the poor."

Thus, said Johnson, "we have reached a landmark—not just in education, but in the maturity of our democracy." Head Start will now be expanded so



LADY BIRD AT NEWARK PRESCHOOL
Out of the wasteland.

that youngsters who took part in the summer program will receive individual tutoring, help with after-school activities, medical and other remedial care throughout the school year. In addition, a year-round program will be started this year for 350,000 more children, including three-year-olds, and still another project will be launched next summer to help 500,000 children who were unable to participate in the previous programs. Henceforth, said the President, the U.S. Office of Education will join Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity in funding Head Start, 90% of which is paid for by the Federal Government.

At most of his engagements last week Johnson was wearing a small bandage on each hand between thumb and forefinger—a recurrence, the White House explained, of the wartlike growths that erupted on his right hand last year as a result of exposure to the sun. This time the condition does not require removal of the growths. Otherwise, despite a series of late-hour consultations with Administration officials attending the steel negotiations, the President looked as fit as a Pedernales bullfrog. Last week he also:

- Allocated \$29 million for some 45 anti-poverty projects in Los Angeles' riot-shattered Negro section.
- Announced that General Maxwell Taylor, 64, who retired last month as U.S. Ambassador to Saigon, would continue to serve as a part-time special consultant on "diplomatic, military, economic and strategic problems that come to my desk"—including Viet Nam.
- Signed a law making it a federal crime to burn or otherwise deliberately destroy a draft card, punishable by five years in prison, \$10,000 fine, or both.
- Welcomed Dwight Eisenhower to

the White House for an evening's chat about Viet Nam and steel; L.B.J. read his guest a letter from a mother who said that one son had been killed in Viet Nam, while another was in the armed services in Colorado. Said Ike: "Don't send the other boy too."

► Offered Barry Goldwater 1) coffee at the White House and 2) regular briefings by the CIA, which the Arizona 1) declined (he prefers Coke) and 2) took under advisement.

► Swore in an old friend, Washington Lawyer Leonard Marks, as director of the U.S. Information Agency, declaring: "We are neither advocates nor defenders of any dogma so fragile or doctrine so frightened as to require propaganda. Truth wears no uniform and bears no flag. But it is the most loyal ally that freedom knows."

► Signed a bill authorizing a 72,000-acre national recreation area on the upper Delaware River in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, within two hours' driving time of the 30 million Americans who live in the Philadelphia-New York conurbation.

Lyndon B. Attitudes

No one enjoys Lyndon Johnson's jokes more uproariously, or more often, than Lyndon Johnson. Of late, other citizens of the Great Society have minted a whole new genre of L.B.J. stories—at L.B.J.'s expense. Some are moderately sympathetic, such as the yuck that has one Texan saying to another: "Ah think ough President is absolutely fahn. He's the first President we evah had who doesn't have an accent." Some are moderately malicious. Vice President Humphrey greets the President: "Morning, Lyndon, how are you?" To which Lyndon replies: "Is that all you ever think of, Hubert?"

Mostly however, the current jokes on Johnson are almost as acidulous as Gallic gags about Charles de Gaulle. Oddly enough, they also deride the messianic trait that—if nothing else—both leaders have in common. They could be called Lyndon B. Attitudes. Samples: ► Lyndon and Lady Bird are strolling along the Pedernales. "Bird," asks he, "are there any press or Secret Service around?" "No, honey," she replies. "Then," says he, "let's try that walkin' on the water one more time."

► L.B.J., pricing cemetery plots in Texas, is shown one for \$12,000. "That's too much," says the President. "After all, I only aim to use it three days."

► West Germany's Ludwig Erhard remarks to his host at the L.B.J. Ranch: "I understand you were born in a log cabin." "No, Mr. Chancellor," replies Lyndon. "You have me confused with Abe Lincoln. I was born in a manger."

► A Texas state trooper flags down a speeding, cream-colored Lincoln Continental, only to recognize L.B.J. behind the wheel. "Oh, my God!" cries the cop. "That's right, sonny," says the President, "and don't you forget it,"

THE ADMINISTRATION

Back-Room Boy Up Front

For all their divided loyalties and divergent styles, Lyndon Johnson and President Kennedy's political legatees have apparently reached a working truce. Bobby Kennedy, who earlier this year was shafting the Johnson Administration for deepening the U.S. military involvement in Viet Nam, of late has had only praise for the President's policies. While most other top advisers to J.F.K. have now left the White House, one of the most valued of all has stayed on to play an even more influential role in the Johnson Administration. He is Larry O'Brien, John Kennedy's most artful campaign manager and Capitol Hill strategist, who has since shouldered the bigger burden of pushing Johnson's mighty legislative raft through Congress.

Last week L.B.J. showed his own high opinion of J.F.K.'s key aide by naming him to the politically potent Cabinet post of Postmaster General. The appointment drew added piquancy from the fact that O'Brien wanted to give up his White House duties even before John Kennedy's death, and in recent months had been hotly wooed to direct the top-to-bottom reorganization of the Massachusetts Democratic machine sought by yet another Kennedy—Senator Teddy. In any case, Larry had let it be known that he would definitely leave Washington when the present Congress adjourns. By putting him in the Cabinet instead, Johnson thus wrested from the Irish Mafia a man who might have loomed as large in Teddy's career as he had in Jack's—and plainly has plenty of loom in Lyndon's plans.

Warmer Warsaw? O'Brien succeeds John A. Gronouski, whose fortune is in his patronym. A former Wisconsin tax commissioner, he was given the job by J.F.K. because of his appeal to the Polish vote—though he can barely speak the language. Johnson appointed Gronouski Ambassador to Poland, replacing Career Diplomat John Moors



O'BRIEN & TEDDY KENNEDY
Away from the Mafia.

Cabot. A newcomer to foreign affairs, Gronouski, 45, is nevertheless the grandson of a genuine Polish immigrant; his mission in Poland will attempt to thaw the chill in Washington-Warsaw relations—which are still warmer than U.S. dealings with any other Communist capital—that set in after the U.S. intensified its military response in Viet Nam.

Of all Kennedy men who suddenly became Johnson retainers in 1963, Larry O'Brien's prospects for advancement hardly seemed the most radiant. While he was a relative stranger in 1961 to the complexities of Capitol Hill—though hardly to politics—O'Brien was largely responsible for passage of the few bills that J.F.K. managed to get through Congress. His success sorely dismayed Vice President Lyndon Johnson, the old maestro of Senate consensus, who had naturally expected to be No. 1 New Frontiersman on Capitol Hill. Yet, to O'Brien's amazement, on the plane back from Dallas after Kennedy's assassination, Johnson asked him to stay on—and promised him "a blank check."

Bridging the Gulf. Despite Johnson's reputation for pressuring Congress, he has scrupulously observed his pledge to O'Brien, twists the Congressional arms of Larry's choosing and, mostly, at Larry's request. With an expanded corps of operatives—five men for floor work, twelve women researchers and secretaries—O'Brien has shown unprecedented agility in spanning the hazardous chasm between the Hill and the White House—maintaining what Bryce Harlow, President Eisenhower's legislative man, called "an ambulatory bridge across a constitutional gulf."

O'Brien is, for all his skill, essentially a back-room boy. The Great Society's architect and principal prophet has been, and will continue to be, Lyndon Johnson, and his extraordinary legislative record is 90% his own. The importance of O'Brien's 10% was demonstrated nonetheless by the fact that the entire Congress, Republicans as well as Democrats, had planned an unprecedented party to bid him farewell when—as he fully expected—he quit Washington this fall.

General Delivery. With this year's congressional blitz all but completed, Johnson's challenge next year will be to preserve all he can of his Democratic congressional majority. O'Brien will have a critical part in that effort, too, both as campaign strategist and patronage dispenser, with 35,000 appointive postmasterships and 33,000 rural letter-carrier jobs at his disposal.

Larry's move out front may also benefit the nation. So highly do Congressmen regard his drive and organizational talents that many last week were already looking forward to better postal service under "General" O'Brien, as his 600,000 employees will now call him. After all, without reasonably efficient mail, how could its citizens ever convince each other that Lyndon's Society was Great?

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Small Something for Hanoi

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has made no secret of his misgivings over the war in Viet Nam. In public, and in private with the President, the Montana Democrat has repeatedly declared that the Communists may be willing to negotiate peace in Viet Nam on conditions acceptable to the U.S. Just to make sure Hanoi was still listening, Mansfield last week once again set forth his own view of the Administration's terms for a settlement—and once again, North Viet Nam warned that it would rather fight for 20 more years, if necessary.

It was possible, of course, that Hanoi did not accept Mike Mansfield as a spokesman for the Johnson Administration, which the Senator has often faulted for its handling of the war. It was even

the barbarism and atrocities of the struggle into the subsequent peace and, indeed, as an essential part of that peace," and 2) both sides must be willing "to accept and abide by a cease-fire."

Mansfield's aim was "to lay down on our side as cohesive a statement of our aims as Hanoi did of its own" after the President's offer of "unconditional discussions" last April. By comparison with Mansfield's elaboration, Hanoi's terms were cohesive indeed. The Communists' principal, and unacceptable, condition is simply that "the internal affairs of the South Vietnamese people must be settled by the South Vietnamese people themselves in accordance with the program of the National Liberation Front—the Viet Cong's political arm. In other words, as Hanoi sees it, South Viet Nam should be free to elect its own government, provided that the government is Communist."

Both Sides Alike. What was almost as hard to swallow was Mansfield's apparent assumption that the U.S. could withdraw in good faith from South Viet Nam, in the belief that the Viet Cong—most of whom are not "foreign"—would do likewise. As for Mansfield's insistence on an amnesty to prevent further "barbarism and atrocities," he made it sound as if the U.S. and government forces in South Viet Nam were just as guilty of systematic torture and terrorism as the Viet Cong.

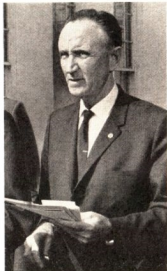
Whatever Mansfield's reason for speaking up, his words met with approval all around. White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers maintained that the speech "reflects the sentiment of the Johnson Administration," which was the only polite thing to say, since Mansfield had discussed it with Johnson before he made it, even sent copies to the White House, State Department and Pentagon a few hours before he rose to speak. Press coverage of Mansfield's speech interpreted it variously as a straight endorsement of Administration policy and a calculated attempt to goad Lyndon Johnson into spelling out equally elaborate conditions for "unconditional" talks. The most hopeful verdict, perhaps, was Mike's own: "This may amount to nothing," he said. "I hope it amounts to something, no matter how small."

DEFENSE

Full Speed Ahead

When Vice Admiral Charles Martell was assigned to head the Navy's lagging antisubmarine warfare program (ASW) in May 1964, the job looked even less appealing than battleship duty during the early years of the Pacific war—which he already had under his belt. Beset by political bickering, personal rivalries and red tape, ASW resembled a "zany fire department," as one dissatisfied officer put it.

Last week the 55-year-old white-thatched admiral reviewed the progress logged in the 16 months since he took over. By general agreement, the U.S.



VIETNAMEOLOGIST MANSFIELD

Back to cohesion.

more likely that the Communists were simply confused by Mansfield's language. Many Americans were too.

As he saw it, Mansfield said, the U.S. position is that: 1) "there must be a verified choice by the people of South Viet Nam of their own government—a choice free of terrorism, violence and coercion from any quarter"; 2) the people of South Viet Nam should be free to choose between independence and reunification with the Communist North; and 3) "all foreign forces and bases" must be withdrawn from North and South Viet Nam, provided "peace can be re-established, and the arrangements include adequate international guarantees of noninterference, not only for Viet Nam but for Laos and Cambodia as well."

Unacceptable Condition. In addition, Mansfield had some conditions of his own, which he termed "obviously essential corollaries": 1) there must be an amnesty for everyone on both sides as "an essential block to an extension of

antisubmarine program today is anything but zany.

The U.S., noted Martell, is currently spending \$2.5 billion a year on ASW—only \$2 billion less than it spends on strategic missiles and bombers. One reason is that the Soviet navy has a 430-sub fleet, including 150 new long-range models, of which 30 are nuclear-powered—compared with the U.S.'s 134 subs (51 nuclear). Another cause for concern is that the Russians have recently concentrated on long-range offensive strategy. Over the past year, Red subs have been sighted in strength for the first time in the Mediterranean and the Philippine Seas.

To even the odds, the Navy has evolved a whole new arsenal of anti-submarine weapons. Items:

- **MARK-46.** A lightweight, self-guided, solid-fuel missile with an underwater speed faster than the newest nuclear subs; it can be dropped from a plane or an unmanned remote-controlled helicopter called DASH (Drone Anti-Submarine Helicopter), dives to a preset depth, then zigzags around in search of enemy subs.
- **MARK-48.** Big brother of Mark-46, but still under development, it is to be launched from submarines, dive deeper and travel faster than the Mark-46.
- **ASROC.** A surface-to-subsurface rocket that can deliver a torpedo or a nuclear depth charge, ASROC is the mainstay weapon of all ASW surface ships, is currently operational on 130 and will be on 20 vessels more by next June.
- **SUBROC.** The underwater version of ASROC is launched from a submarine, shoots into the air, dives back into the water to streak toward a target.
- **SQS-26.** A super-sophisticated sonar that bounces pings off thermal layers in the water, can reach out 35 miles, nearly three times as far as existing sonar; it is standard equipment on all ASW surface ships under construction.
- **BQG-2.** The underwater counterpart of SQS-26, to be installed on all new submarines.
- **A-NEW.** A control system for coordinating data from sensing equipment on sub-hunting planes and sonar devices dropped from planes; it is under development.
- **SEAHAWK.** An advanced, 5,000-ton surface ship designed expressly for hunting subs; a prototype is scheduled to be built in the 1970s.

Hard Astern

For the U.S. merchant fleet, peace is hell. More effectively than U-boats, its own unions have helped drive American shipping off the seas—or else, as a last resort against the world's highest labor costs and taxes, into foreign registry. By any measure, the 78-day-old Atlantic and Gulf Coast shipping strike by three maritime unions that ended last week was one of the most disastrous in history.

By idling nearly 200 freighters and passenger liners, the walkout cost the maritime industry and labor \$150 mil-



RUSSIAN SUB ON TRAINING CRUISE
No job for zany firemen.

lion. Moreover, judging from previous strikes, at least 10% of the cargo diverted to foreign ships will never return to the foundering U.S. merchant marine. The fleet has already declined from 2,332 to 910 ships in 20 years, now carries less than 9% of U.S. foreign trade v. 50% in 1945.

Though President Johnson claimed that the settlement did more than put "new patches on the leaky hull of maritime labor relations," the industry was far from shipshape. Stubborn differences over crew complements, pensions, and a cargo of problems raised by automation have yet to be resolved by a new five-man panel that will include Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz and A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany.

Last week the Administration leaked word that a long-awaited "new policy" for the merchant marine would be announced soon. Its highlight: a huge new

shipbuilding program. For defense logisticians, the lift cannot come too soon. Unable to depend on foreign bottoms to help supply the war effort in Viet Nam, the Government has had to charter 94 U.S. freighters and take 49 more ships out of mothball fleets, where many had swung at anchor since World War II.

MISSISSIPPI

Another for the G.O.P.

In recent years, Mississippi Republicans have elected a Congressman, two state representatives, and a smattering of city officials, and in 1964 the state went 87% for Goldwater. Last week, after a runoff election in Panola County, Attorney William E. Corr Jr., 29, became the first Republican member of the state senate since Reconstruction.

CRIME

Taxonomy to the Rescue

Californians worried by the cost of their state's mounting crime rate last week found a solution of sorts. A \$100,000, 260-page report urged the state to "synthesize a logical and complete functional definition of the system of criminal justice" in order to overcome "the inevitable problems relating to the interfacing of separable areas of endeavor." To do this, of course, state authorities would need an "indication of required quantitative relations between operational effectiveness and dollars expended in the various functional areas" and might do well to use a "taxonomic matrix for organizing and presenting offender characteristics."

This opaque advice sounded as if it had been ground out by a computer—as it had. The report on crime was prepared by scientists of Space-General Corp., using systems-engineering techniques to determine the feasibility of applying space-industry technology to the problems of crime. Translated into terrestrial English, Space-General's venture into crime research produced some useful findings. Highlights:

- The cost of California's system of criminal justice (police, prisons, courts, etc.), now \$600 million annually, will rise to \$900 million by 1975.
- By spending only an additional 3%, or about \$20 million, annually for specified reforms and technological improvements in law enforcement, crime could be reduced and taxpayer costs actually cut within five years.
- The increasing crime rate is caused not by any surge of lawlessness but by the tremendous population explosion in the 14-29 age group, which commits the largest percentage of crimes.

In the course of their investigation, Space-General scientists several months ago pinpointed one area as potentially among the most explosive in Los Angeles: arrests there were six times the city rate, unemployment was double and population density triple the county rate. Its name was Watts.



STRIKE-IDLED FREIGHTERS IN NEW YORK
No patch on leaky hulls.

THE WORLD

KASHMIR

A Matter of Honor

It began after dawn with a thunderous artillery barrage that sent the villagers of Chhamb and Dewa in the southwestern tip of Kashmir scurrying for shelter. As the sun rose higher over the semidesert land—flat, dotted with brush, a low mountain range to the north—Indian troops peered anxiously toward the border. What they saw sent them in a hasty retreat to the mountains: over the arid earth came 70 U.S.-built Patton tanks and, in the dust cloud behind the lumbering giants, a full brigade of Pakistani infantrymen.

No Contest. Dewa and Chhamb were swiftly captured by the armored column, which rolled forward some eight miles against light resistance and halted by the banks of the shallow Munawar Tawi River. The Indian counterattack came from the sky—28 British-made Vampire jets bombed and strafed the armored force, destroying an estimated ten tanks before Pakistani supersonic F-86 Sabres streaked to the rescue. It was no contest: four of the slower Indian planes were shot down, and the rest scattered.

The air-tank battle last week abruptly escalated the Kashmir trouble from a border skirmish to the brink of all-out war. The contending Asian powers are evenly matched. India's army is the larger (867,000 to 253,000), but the Pakistanis are much better equipped. In a contest of quantity versus quality, India could probably overrun populous but poorly defended East Pakistan in a matter of weeks but might meet disaster in the arid uplands of West Pakistan.

Bloody Welter. The struggle has been 18 years in the making, and the basic issue is religion. After the British left the subcontinent in 1947, Pakistan and India emerged as independent nations in a welter of blood. An estimated half a million people were slain in the Moslem-Hindu riots, and hordes of panicky refugees fled toward the nearest friendly border. Each princely state could supposedly choose which nation it wanted to adhere to. But when the Moslem ruler of predominantly Hindu Hyderabad opted for Pakistan, Indian troops marched in and reversed his decision. When the Hindu ruler of predominantly Moslem Kashmir chose India, Pakistan also sent in troops. The result was a 14-month war that was finally brought to an end under United Nations auspices, with India holding two-thirds of Kashmir and Pakistan the remainder.

Since then the opposing armies have been glowering at each other across the cease-fire line, and have occasionally exchanged shots. The U.N. peace-keeping force under Australia's General Robert Nimmo has neither the author-

ity nor the men to prevent outbreaks and is barely tolerated by both sides. The U.N. has four times ordered a plebiscite in Kashmir in order to determine the wishes of its inhabitants. India has always refused and, in 1957, a handicapped, Kashmiri puppet legislature declared the state an "integral" part of India. Kashmir's Sheik Abdullah, who belatedly objected to Indian domination and also called for a plebiscite, has spent most of his time in an Indian jail.

Fiery Poss. Last month when guerrilla warfare broke out in Kashmir, India announced to the world that the guer-

illa force was delirious with victory. News of the Indian advances was wildly cheered in Parliament. The government radio announced the "liberation" of 5,000 people and the establishment of Indian civil administration in the "liberated" areas. While they were at it, Indian troops decided to "correct" the cease-fire line where it bulged toward the Kashmir capital of Srinagar: the salient was reduced from about 80 miles to 16. In New Delhi, a top official announced: "The United Nations has not been able to see to it that the cease-fire line is observed. India has taken the task upon itself."

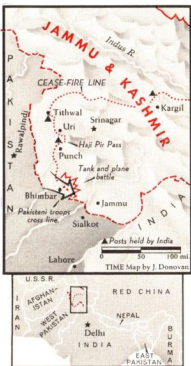
Question of Objectives. The open seizure of Pakistan-controlled territory left Ayub Khan almost no choice. Either Pakistan would hit back or be exposed to the world as a paper tiger. Last week Pakistan made its military answer and also chose the ground on which it would fight. Its 70 tanks were deployed on the favorable flatlands of Chhamb rather than in the rugged mountain country near Srinagar.

It was not yet clear whether the Pakistani drive had the limited objective of smashing Indian forces in the immediate area around Chhamb, or whether it had the far graver purpose of crossing India's international boundary itself to strike at the vital road that connects Jammu to Srinagar. In New Delhi, Defense Minister Y. B. Chavan declared flatly that Pakistan had invaded Indian territory, and officials spoke ominously of a nearby Indian armored division capable of moving into the Chhamb area within 24 hours. It might well move with caution, since India's armored equipment consists mostly of aged British Centurions and U.S. World War II Shermans—no match for Pakistan's Patton tanks.

It is this disparity that brought a stiff Indian protest to Washington last week, complaining that Pakistan's modern planes and armor were supplied by the U.S. with the explicit understanding that they would never be used against India.^{*} Ayub Khan responded that "we will spend our time dealing with the enemy rather than putting the American weapons in cotton wool." Uncertain just what was happening in the Chhamb area, U.S. military officers flew to the fighting scene to investigate the charges.

Talk of Honor. Ayub Khan ignored the angry howls from New Delhi, warning that Indian aggression "can not and shall not be allowed to go unchallenged." Dismissing charges of infiltration, he said bitterly, "We are doing no more than what we have always pledged ourselves to do, which is to

^{*} Pakistan has received some \$5 billion in U.S. aid, about \$1.5 billion of it in military hardware. Of the \$5.2 billion India has received from the U.S., virtually none has been of a military nature.



killas were actually infiltrators from Pakistan. Just as loudly, Pakistan insisted that they were native Kashmiri "freedom fighters." Whatever their identity, the Indians have killed or captured more than a third of the estimated 3,000 "infiltrators." Deciding that this was not enough, India then moved to strike at the "infiltration routes" themselves. Indian troops crossed the U.N. cease-fire line and occupied half a dozen abandoned Pakistani outposts. Seemingly encouraged by the silence of Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, India stepped up the tempo. In the Punch-Uri area, the Indians advanced fully 25 miles. Toward the end of August, four battalions of crack Indian troops drove the Pakistanis from two vital passes and claimed to have killed 62 and captured 14 of the enemy.

support the people of Kashmir in exercising their right of self-determination as pledged to them by the United Nations and Pakistan, as well as India, India has dishonored her pledge. Pakistan shall honor it!"

With both sides openly contemptuous of the U.N., Secretary-General U Thant abandoned as useless his month-long "quiet diplomacy" by which he hoped to achieve behind-the-scenes mediation. He publicly called for a return to old positions and mutual respect for the cease-fire line. It was obvious last week that no one was listening, and observers could only reflect that when nations begin talking about their honor, they are in a mood for a long fight.

GREECE

The King & the Orator

It was Queen Anne-Marie's 19th birthday, and King Constantine, 25, celebrated it with her and seven-week-old Princess Alexia at his rambling hill-top villa on the western island of Corfu. Then he had to leave the party and fly back to his Athens palace for yet another attempt to resolve the seven-week-old parliamentary crisis.

Falling back on a device used several times by his father, the late King Paul, young Constantine called a "Crown Council," composed of twelve politicians and former Premiers from different parties. Seated in battle uniform at the head of a long table, Constantine began with a speech that was, nominally at least, dictated by his most recent candidate for Premier, Elias Tsirimos.

Need for Salvation. "I have called you today," Constantine began, "to ask for your opinions on how the political crisis is to be faced. I am deeply anxious because of the serious dangers for the



PAPANDREOU
Oratorical pips.

country's economy, the country's international position, the development of the great national question of Cyprus and the internal situation. The acute nature of political passions is undermining and tending to destroy the spiritual unity of the nation."

What Constantine would have liked the council to do was propose a Cabinet of "national salvation," composed of leaders of the 36 dissidents who had bolted the once-dominant Center Union Party, plus representatives of the two minority right-wing parties who together command 107 votes. Such a coalition could try yet again to win away a last essential handful of the 134 Deputies still faithful to the tough old Center Unionist leader, ex-Premier George Papandreou. The politicians, however, were not yet ready to bury their differences. After two sessions in which they expressed their views, the council recessed without taking any action.

The Siren Song. George Papandreou, as leader of the largest party in Parliament, sat through the sessions on Constantine's left hand. He was openly contemptuous of the palace's "lures of power," which, with his orator's gift for a telling phrase, he had likened publicly to those of Circe, Ulysses' sorceress, whose lures transformed men into pigs. "Do you think," he asked Constantine, rhetorically, "that if you can get 115 Deputies in Parliament [i.e., a bare majority], you can face the people and me?" His own siren song consisted of the familiar demand for national elections, which, by way of a compromise, he hinted he was willing to delay until Christmas. Elections are still an unacceptable alternative to the young King, whose very crown might well depend on the success or failure of the kind of oratorical spells that Papandreou could cast over voters in a campaign.

SOUTH VIET NAM

On the Edge of Town

The lights in the bars on Tu Do Street in downtown Saigon gleam through the moist moonlight night until the capital's 11 p.m. curfew. But a scant ten miles away on Saigon's rural edges, the huts grow dark with the dusk. Lights are as likely to attract a Viet Cong bullet as a mosquito. Their backs to the glow from the city, South Vietnamese troops and their U.S. advisers settle back for a long night of watching—and, above all, listening. For the perimeter surrounding the 400 square miles of Gia Dinh province, which includes Saigon, is one of the most contested and dangerous parts of Viet Nam today.

Stop the Music. Saigon's suburban battle seldom makes the headlines. It is still largely the sentry's war of short, sharp encounters: the bark of a close rifle, the sudden cough of automatic weapons, the crump of a single mortar, occasionally a scream as a knife finds its way through a rib cage. An "incident" may be anything from the skirmish of a dozen men to the blare of a propaganda bullhorn; whatever their nature, incidents are on the increase along the Gia Dinh perimeter. From February to April they averaged 37 a month. Through July the rate rose to 55 a month. Last month the total was 95, including four VC assaults in force, and 17 attacks with grenades and mortars.

Some 10,000 South Vietnamese troops defend Saigon and Gia Dinh against an estimated 15,000 Viet Cong circling the province. "We have two local radars," explained one Vietnamese marine near Cholon, the adjacent city where much of Saigon's Chinese population lives. "First, there are the frogs we call *rainettes*. If they stop chirping, look out. It means someone has come near their paddy. Next, you listen for three loud squawks from the blue water birds. You can actually plot a patrol's course by listening to the frogs and birds."



KING CONSTANTINE WITH WIFE & CHILD
Spiritual disunity.

When the music stops, the sentries radio for help. First a yellow illumination shell goes up from mortars, followed by diamond-white flares from planes overhead. Then come the "freight trains"—the wheeowsh of friendly artillery shells rushing overhead toward a suspect marsh near by. Who is killed? Who knows? More often than not, the flares have dispersed the Viet Cong long before the first angry cannon is fired.

Out of the Blue. The battle for Saigon's edge may swell soon: two new Viet Cong regiments have recently arrived on the scene. Already the U.S. has beefed up its response. Last week Saigon felt the explosive touch of Guam-based B-52s, as the giant SAC bombers hit a V.C. troop concentration only 20 miles from the capital. It was the 17th mission for the B-52s since they were first brought into the war last June. Though each plane's sortie on the 5,200-mile round trip from Guam costs \$30,000, the B-52s have distinct merits. Each can carry 20,000 lbs. of the 750-lb. and 1,000-lb. bombs, deliver them in a saturation pattern that fighter-bombers cannot duplicate—on targets the Viet Cong do not know in advance. How many V.C. are killed in each strike is hard to say. But the point is to keep the enemy off balance. Last week Washington announced that imbalance was here to stay: from now on, the B-52s will be pounding the enemy on a daily basis.

RED CHINA

A Sport with Purpose

Mao Tse-tung likes to swim, and every year millions of Chinese are urged to emulate him. Mao several times has swum the Yangtze, so last spring, 20,000 people made a mass crossing of the same river. In fact, reports the magazine *China's Sport*, swimming has become an "activity involving millions of all ages, and it has served as a call to hundreds of thousands to forgo swimming pools and take the plunge into the natural and rougher waters of China's many rivers and lakes as well as the open sea."

Especially into the southern coastal waters near Canton. Last month 748 escapees from the mainland landed in Macao—the highest total in three years. Over half made it by swimming the rough tidal waters of the Pearl River estuary, buoyed up by their newly learned skill and by plastic life preservers supplied to participants in Peking's swimming campaign.

SINGAPORE

Blasting Off

Five British and Australian correspondents arrived at Singapore's television studios last week expecting to hear Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew talk about the prospects for Britain's Singapore bases, now that the tiny city-nation is independent of Malaysia.

But Harry Lee had a far bigger and a far more engrossing story for them. It was a searing attack on the United States that made cheeks burn all the way to Washington before the week was out.

Lee began calmly enough by making it plain that he wanted Britain's 50,000 troops to stay in Singapore. What he was worried about, he said, was that London itself might some day lose interest, adding: "If the British withdraw, I am prepared to go on with the Australians and the New Zealanders. But I am not prepared to go on with the Americans." When someone curiously asked why, Lee was ready and willing to answer.

The U.S. "lack of depth and judgment or wisdom," proclaimed the lead-



LEE & WIFE
Denying the undeniable.

er of the month-old nation, is the result of having only "400 years of history," of having "become a nation just recently." "I have had only three experiences with the Americans," said Lee Kuan Yew.

Insults & Bribes. By far the most dramatic was the bizarre account of a bungled American CIA exploit in Singapore. Late in 1960, according to Lee, a U.S. agent had flown into Singapore and tried to bribe his way into the city's Special Branch intelligence net. He was taped and filmed in the act, tossed quietly into jail. Lee then offered to free the agent in return for \$33 million in U.S. economic aid for his nation. The U.S. refused, said Lee with superb aplomb, and instead "insulted" him with a counteroffer of \$3,300,000 for Lee personally and his People's Action Party.

With the Kennedy Administration about to take over, Lee decided to

abide the insult long enough to test the new President's response. It was straightforward and unequivocal: no under-the-table money at all, economic assistance only on its merits—and only if it was clearly not a *quid pro quo* for the spy's release. Secretary of State Rusk sent Lee an apology, and Lee let the agent go without fanfare.

Impudence & Impertinence. Lee was also still angry about a 1962 trip to the U.N. Lee's plane was held up in Hawaii, and he began casting about for a means to advise his waiting colleagues in New York of the delay. A U.S. official in the VIP lounge, according to Lee, said: "No, no, no, don't worry. We will look after it. We have a special network." "Special network," snorted Lee last week. "When we arrived, there was not a soul, not a soul."

Then, said Lee, there was the recent matter of the U.S. doctor. "Somebody very dear to me was ailing," Lee said, and a British doctor in Singapore recommended an American specialist in New York as the best man to perform surgery. He asked the U.S. Ambassador to see whether the specialist could fly out to Singapore, was told that the doctor was going to Geneva for a convention and would be glad to treat Lee's patient there. This enraged Lee, and last week he was still ranting about "the impudence and impertinence of it." Lee failed to add that the State Department eventually persuaded the doctor, a gynecologist, to fly to Singapore. By that time Lee was so indignant that he turned that offer down also. The time: last month. The patient: Lee's wife, Geok Choo, 38, a practicing lawyer. Her serious illness, added to Lee's other strains since the breakaway from Malaysia last month, undoubtedly sharpened Lee's savage attack on the U.S.

"Fools, Fools." The U.S. response to Lee's main charge of espionage was prompt, predictable—and unfortunate. A U.S. official intoned that there was "absolutely no truth" in Lee's whole tale of intrigue gone awry. Next day an angry Lee, muttering "fools, the fools," under his breath, herded surprised newsmen into his office and pulled out a copy of Rusk's letter of apology in April 1961. "The Americans stupidly deny the undeniable," he stormed. With that, Washington took a deep breath and about-faced, issuing a minimal statement admitting that "this incident" had indeed taken place.

Lee's blast at the U.S. neatly served a variety of pressing purposes. In his new independence, Lee is far more concerned with his image in the Afro-Asian world than with U.S. regard. The Afro-Asians have been, to Lee's mind, disturbingly slow to recognize his new nation. The millstone around his neck in achieving neutralist status is the presence of those 50,000 British troops based in Singapore.

But the British are a neocolonialist target Lee cannot yet afford to shoot

at. He needs the tomies for protection against Sukarno, and he needs the money they pump into Singapore's Lilliputian economy—roughly a third of the tiny nation's G.N.P. Forced out of Malaysia and still dependent on the British, he is a neutralist in search of a role to prove his nonaligned credentials. The U.S. is a time-honored target for just that. It also satisfies domestic opposition, largely overseas Chinese anxious to trade with Indonesia, Red China and Russia. Moreover, Lee no doubt is also shrewd enough to suspect that however much he tweaks Uncle Sam's nose today, Washington will probably let bygones be bygones when he comes running for help tomorrow.

the growing wall. Roosma, 25, had reason for satisfaction: the Mattmark project would be completed by October, and its turbines were already generating electricity. He had got on well with his Swiss employers and with the hundreds of workers on the project—mostly Italian.

It was nearly 5 o'clock. Technician Oskar Anthamatten worked on the balky engine of a bulldozer. In the canteen a dozen men drank beer and munched sandwiches. Some 50 others were still in the barracks, resting up for the night shift. Suddenly there was a dull groan from the sky. Glancing up, Roosma saw a long chunk of the curling lip of the glacier break off and begin to

valley floor. Groaned one engineer: "This is like chipping away at the Rock of Gibraltar. It will take months, perhaps years."

Project officials reported seven confirmed dead and 83 missing, and they feared there would be no other survivors. Said one worker who had luckily escaped: "The poor devils never had a chance. Those not killed outright must have frozen to death in a matter of hours." At a news conference in Geneva, Geologist Lombard said that the disaster had been "completely unpredictable."

GREAT BRITAIN

A Bit Much

When Tory Sir Harry Hylton-Foster agreed to be Speaker of the House of Commons last fall, his decision was a godsend to new Prime Minister Harold Wilson. It meant that the Labor government would not have to reduce its perilously small majority by filling the non-voting post with a Laborite. But last week Sir Harry dropped dead on a London street, and to Labor that seemed a bit much, coming as it did in the wake of a Labor M.P.'s death fortnight ago, which trimmed Wilson's edge over the Conservatives to a mere two votes. The hard-pressed Wilson now would have to give up one of the precious pair by installing his own man as Speaker unless he could talk the Tories or the Liberals into supplying a candidate for the job. The Tories are not likely to volunteer readily, for they would like nothing better than to see how adept Wilson is at one-upmanship when the House reassembles in October.

FRANCE

Hinky Dinky, Parley-Voo?

Armentières is a nondescript town in northern France with but one claim to fame: its mademoiselle, heroine of hundreds of World War I ditties, most of them dirty. For 50 years, it was a fame that Armentières preferred to leave unclaimed, but recently the town fathers have had a change of heart. Hoping for a tourist boom that might stimulate its sagging farm economy, Armentières last week began a fund-raising campaign for a statue in mademoiselle's, uh, honor.

Actually, says Tourist Bureau Chairman Louis Jeanson, 74, who, together with the local antique dealer, is in charge of the campaign, most of those hinky-dinky ditties about her were untrue. She was not a mademoiselle at all, but a tall, slim widow named Marie Le-coq who worked as a waitress at the Café de la Paix. Furthermore, during the four years that British and Commonwealth troops were stationed in Armentières, she was more virtuous than many of her unsung sisters. The ditty got its start, in fact, when she roundly slapped a British officer who tried to kiss her in the café. Its first



BURIED CAMP AT MATTMARK
Dull groan from the sky.

SWITZERLAND

The Unpredictable Ice

High in the Swiss Alps, near the little village of Saas-Almagell, engineers and workmen have labored for five years on the Mattmark dam. To visitors, the site of the work camp looked dangerous, for above it rose a sheer mountain wall, topped by the icy lip of the six-mile-long Allalin glacier. But the workmen on the dam were assured it was by no means as menacing as it looked. Glaciers move only inches a year and, besides, on orders of the Swiss government, Geologist Auguste Lombard last year examined Allalin and reported that the great ice sheet was retracting, not expanding.

Churned Earth. Early last week a Dutch engineer named Egbert Roosma took a stroll on the outskirts of the camp. The late afternoon sun glistened on the bright yellow barracks, repair shops and tool sheds. There was a constant roar from bulldozers and heavy-duty trucks churning up the slate-grey earth as they carried dirt and rocks to

slide down the cliff, slowly at first and then in a quickening whirl of ice and rock and snow.

Anthamatten looked up from his bulldozer, and later reported, "The mountain came down toward us. I ran, but not for long. A giant wind blew me down. I kept crawling on my hands and knees. I was engulfed by ice; it covered me to my chin. I was caught by the very tip of the slide. I could hardly breathe, but I yelled. Some Italians came and pulled me out. The others ran in different directions. They were never seen again."

Alpine Silence. In twenty seconds the work camp was buried a hundred feet beneath a blanket of ice. No sound came from the injured or trapped. There was only the Alpine silence, broken by the rippling of the Viège River. The dam itself was untouched. Next day, Swiss soldiers and rescue workers clawed at the mass in a drenching rain, once interrupting the search to run for their lives when word came that cracks in another large section of the glacier threatened to dump more ice onto the

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GOOD YEAR
CHEMICALS



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So every time they make a conventional station wagon, they also make a swell little ad for the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

(Secretly, we wish them every success.)





MADMOISELLE'S STATUE
More sung about than sinning.

verse, written by a sergeant who watched the action:

*Mademoiselle from Armentières,
parley-voo?*

*Mademoiselle from Armentières,
parley-voo?*

*Mademoiselle from Armentières,
She hadn't been kissed in many years,
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?*

Unfortunately for mademoiselle, her monument will be nearly as gauche as most of the ditties about her. To be erected whenever Armentières can raise the \$14,000 that it will cost, it depicts her as a sort of bedroom Joan of Arc surrounded by four admiring soldiers, who are holding her aloft on a serving tray.

ZAMBIA

The Five Colors

Most African nations have achieved their independence only to find themselves too broke to enjoy it. Not Zambia, the copper-rich state that changed its name from Northern Rhodesia at independence ceremonies last year. Riding a world copper boom that has brought \$400 million into the country in the past year alone, President Kenneth Kaunda is in the enviable position of having more money than can be spent.

Not that he isn't trying. The government this year is pouring \$60 million into new schools, hospitals and administration centers, and building contractors are so overloaded that they cannot begin to meet the demand for private housing. The tree-lined avenues of Lusaka, the nation's sprawling capital, reverberate to the clacking of hammers. A large government housing development is going up, and work is in progress on a Parliament building and a jet airport. Even more ambitious is a four-year national development program, which Kaunda hopes will give Zambia a solid base of cash crops and start a consumer-goods industry.

Supper of 11. In his first year as President, Kaunda, 39, the teetotaling son of a Presbyterian minister, has proved himself one of Africa's most responsible leaders. No stem-winding demagogue, he speaks quietly, seldom utters a harsh word, yet holds almost magical sway over his people. Last year he broke the back of an uprising by the fanatical Lumpa sect of High Priestess Alice Lenshina simply by broadcasting a nationwide appeal for calm.

He lives with his wife Betty and their nine children in the former British Governor's residence, a vast colonial mansion whose 400-acre lawn is dotted with flowering gardens, a swimming pool and a duck pond. He rarely has time to enjoy it. An indefatigable worker, he is so busy that his appointment calendar is booked three weeks in advance and he often receives visitors at 7 a.m. over breakfast or 11 p.m. over supper. To remind his people that "the good things of life come only with hard labor," Kaunda and his ministers regularly show up wielding shovels at government road-building and construction projects.

The White Flagpole. Like many African leaders, Kaunda is a fervent advocate of nonalignment, and to keep Zambia out of the cold war, he refuses to accept large doses of either American or Russian aid. He is also a passionate African nationalist, and recently admitted that he stands at attention whenever he hears the national anthem—even if he has to climb out of bed. Yet he takes care to keep post-independence compulsions, such as changing the old colonial street names, within reasonable bounds. Last week, for example, the mining town of Broken Hill officially changed the name of Baden-Powell Street to something more symbolic: Chachacha Street.

Also symbolic are the four colors of Zambia's flag: green is for agriculture, orange for copper, red for the blood spilled in the struggle for freedom, and black for the people. "And what holds it up?" asks a cynical European. "A white flagpole." Such remarks are typical of many of Zambia's 77,000 whites, on whom the country depends to keep its copper mines humming and its commerce thriving. Some still resent a black government in a land so long under white rule. Kaunda shrugs off the attitude. Far from wanting to drive the whites out of Zambia, he is actively encouraging more to come in.

Strangulation. Zambia's future would look rosy indeed were it not for one overriding problem: its dependence on the white-ruled nations to the south. Zambia imports more than 60% of its consumer goods from Rhodesia and South Africa, could not run its copper smelters without Rhodesian coal and can ship its vital copper exports to the sea only via a Rhodesian-operated railroad to ports in South Africa and Portuguese Mozambique.

It is an embarrassing situation for Kaunda, who must swallow enough of his African nationalist pride to stay on

speaking terms with white-supremacist regimes that most other black Africans have boycotted. Kaunda's enforced moderation has fallen on deaf ears in Rhodesia, whose racist Premier Ian Smith seems bent on severing all ties with Zambia—including the rail line. "There's going to be a hell of a trouble unless the people down there can see sense quickly," says Zambian Vice President Reuben Kamanga.

The threat of economic strangulation has forced Kaunda to seek another outlet for his copper. Last month he met with Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere to talk over long-simmering plans for a 1,000-mile rail line eastward to Dar es Salaam. The railway would cost a staggering \$200 million or so, but Nyerere seems as interested in pushing it through as is Kaunda. It would turn Dar es Salaam into East Africa's busiest port, open up a massive, uninhabited southern region that is known to contain valuable coal deposits. Besides, Nyerere would like to break his own dependence on the East African Common Market, now dominated by Kenya and Uganda. "We want to build this railway line," said Kaunda. "We do not only want to build it, we have decided to build it."

The question is how to pay for it. Britain has offered to underwrite at least half the cost of a \$225,000 preliminary survey of the route, and Red China, not to be outdone, has already sent its own team of experts to survey the Tanzania end (Kaunda will not permit them to enter Zambia). As for the actual cost of construction, Kaunda hopes that will be taken care of by an international consortium of British, French, Canadian, American and Japanese entrepreneurs.



ZAMBIA'S KAUNDA
More building than chachacha.

GHANA

The Modern Major General

Waiter, peddler, porter, steward. Teacher, preacher, author, prude. Kwame Nkrumah has been them all in his long career, but you can't keep a good man down. Two years ago, as a letter or two of praise poured in for his latest published theories on African socialism, the Osagyefo (Redeemer) made himself permanent boss of his country. Apparently he found that he was not busy enough, for last week, at 55, Nkrumah began yet another career. Hearing rumors that two generals were gossiping about him, he decided that his army needed new leadership, began casting around for a new commanding officer. It didn't take him long to find one. In brief ceremonies at Accra's Burnayh military camp last week, Kwame Nkrumah, the very model of a modern major general, swore himself in.

THE SEYCHELLES

Down with Coconuts

"It would be madness to think of independence," announced a leading Seychelles nationalist in 1961. "We're just too small."

Indeed, so small are the Seychelles, a British crown colony of 92 tropical islands 1,000 miles off the coast of East Africa, that they were forever getting lost. The Arabians of the 10th century thought that the islands were where Sindbad the Sailor discovered the mystical, magnetic mountain in the Sea of Zanj. Portuguese navigators found them in 1501, only to lose track of them again. British General Charles ("Chinese") Gordon, who landed there 84 years ago, seriously believed that the

Seychelles were the lost site of the Garden of Eden. His reasoning: they are the only source of the fabled *coco de mer*, whose giant 40-lb. fruit, long valued as a love potion, must have been what Eve really fed to Adam.

First settled by the French and their imported African slaves in the 18th century, the Seychelles (pronounced say-shells) could still pass for Eden. Brightly colored fish dart through their warm clear waters, and frigate birds chase booby birds through the heavy air. Under the cinnamon trees, giant tortoises park fender-to-fender to escape the sun. So carefree is life on the islands (pop. 46,000) that few Seychellois work more than half a day, and nearly half their children are illegitimate. At Victoria, the ramshackle capital on the island of Mahé, the town clock, a silver-painted model of Big Ben in the main square, strikes the hour twice for the benefit of those who forget to count the first time. Until recently, the Seychelles' liveliest political issue was whether it would rain on the Legislative Council election day.

On-the-Job Suckling. But things are perking up, thanks to an ambitious young man named France Albert René. The handsome, blue-eyed son of a coconut-plantation superintendent, René, 29, went off to London in 1955 to work his way through King's College law school, returned two years ago convinced that the Seychelles must be free—and that he must free them. Warning darkly of the evils of a "coconut mentality," he led the islands' first labor strike, founded the Seychelles Peoples' United Party ("Let's Go with SPUP"), came out squarely for "socialism," "nonalignment" and "full independence from our colonial masters." Another SPUP doctrine: that every young working mother be allowed to suckle her baby twice a day on the job.

Most Seychellois are still not convinced that independence is for them,

but René is making progress. Through his own newspaper, *The People*, occasional manifestoes ("To We Who Have Not Yet Broken the Colonial Chains That Fetter Us"), and stumping tours of the islands, he has built *SPUP* up into what for the Seychelles is a powerful political force. At last count, 1,961 islanders—more than the total vote during the last election—were paying 10¢-a-month membership dues.

Last week several hundred of them gathered in Victoria for SPUP's first party congress. With René in control, they unanimously declared allegiance to "our march to socialism," demanded "independence within the shortest possible time." It might not come for another ten years, admitted their dashing young leader, but he would "brook no stalling tactics by our colonial masters."

"Johnson's Golf Ball." René has a hard fight on his hands, for the British, who so readily freed most of their colonies, find it hard to take his independence demands seriously. Even under the most ideal conditions, the Seychelles, whose principal export is \$1,000,000 of copra a year, could not hope to stand alone. Besides, they figure to be part of a series of joint Anglo-American air and naval bases that may be built soon in the Indian Ocean. The Royal Navy has already installed a stand-by fuel depot on one island, and the U.S. last year opened a 100-man space satellite tracking station in Victoria.

Housed in a huge (120 ft.) white Fiberglas sphere that all but overwhelms the town, the tracking station is known to islanders as "Johnson's Golf Ball." Although René claims that he does not really object to its presence, he blasts the Americans who run it for their "bids to win us over with offers of milk for our schoolchildren." Besides, he says, "we must take steps to make it quite clear to America and to Russia that we shall have nothing to do with their military ambitions."



NATIONALIST RENÉ



MARIUS KAPLAN

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DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

A Government—At Last

In a dimly lighted third-floor office in downtown Santo Domingo, Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó and five of his rebel lieutenants quietly put their signatures on a document entitled the Dominican Act of Reconciliation. A few hours later, in the Dominican Congressional Palace across town, four other officers, who had supported the loyalist junta of Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barrera, added their names with equal severity. Thus, without fanfare or even much reconciliation, ended the bloody civil war that began April 24, took the lives of 3,000 Dominicans and 31 U.S. servicemen, and involved the U.S. and other OAS nations in a major military operation.

Under the agreement, the loyalist and rebel sides accepted a provisional government headed by Dominican Diplomat Héctor García-Godoy, who will serve until elections are held in six to nine months. Both sides received a general amnesty and in turn promised to put their troops under the command of the provisional President. The provisional government was also to "begin negotiations at once" with the OAS for the withdrawal of the 12,000-member peace-keeping force—mostly U.S.—still in the Dominican Republic.

Give In or Go. OAS diplomats called it a settlement. In reality, it was an imposed truce, coming after four months of agonizing negotiations that were often blocked by Caamaño, and more recently by Imbert. To soften up Imbert—and Caamaño—the U.S. and OAS applied stiff diplomatic pressures, then cut off the money they needed to pay their troops and civil servants. Other pressure came from Navy Commodore Francisco Rivera Caminero, leader of the armed forces, who warned Imbert to give in or be forced out. Even then, Imbert kept insisting that the proposed settlement was too favorable to the

THE HEMISPHERE

leftist rebels. In a last-ditch flurry, the loyalists one night last week lobbed mortar shells into the rebel zone, touching off a two-hour exchange that left six dead.

Eventually, the patient, persistent negotiating of U.S. Special Delegate Ellsworth Bunker paid off. He got a late-hour assist from President Johnson. "Any who continue to oppose the OAS solution," L.B.J. said at a news conference, "are serving no true interest of their country or peace in the world." At last, Imbert admitted defeat. Twenty-four hours after the mortar attack, he went on TV and announced the resignation of the junta, as a face-saving gesture to avoid signing the final truce. "To wait longer, to add to this period which is affecting the nation and democracy," he announced solemnly, "is not what patriotism recommends."

Brink of an Abyss. At week's end, in a brief ceremony at the National Palace in downtown Santo Domingo, García-Godoy was officially installed as his country's 47th President. He is, by all accounts, an able, well-regarded man: a middle-of-the-road liberal and a foreign minister under ex-President Juan Bosch. "We are a country," said García-Godoy in his inaugural speech, "at the brink of an abyss. We must react with honest administration, intensive popular education, the establishment of a civil service, an agrarian reform, an armed forces which is completely nonpolitical."

It may take years to effect a genuine reconciliation. The Castroites, who controlled fully 25% of the 7,000 armed rebels, have been stashing away weapons and training for guerrilla war. But last week's agreement was at least a start in the right direction. "There are still grave problems facing the Dominican people," said President Johnson, "but the way has been opened for an end to strife and for the choice of leaders through the process which all free men cherish."

MEXICO

The Consensus

Since the late 1920s, one party alone, the Institutional Revolutionary Party, has ruled Mexico, putting up a new President every six years in a cut-and-dried election. Some people might label it dictatorship. Mexicans call it "guided democracy," and by some alchemy the system does seem to operate as a sort of national consensus. Last week Mexico's President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz marched to the rostrum of the Chamber of Deputies to make his first state-of-the-nation address after nine months in office. His speech was a remarkable definition of Mexico's sense of stability, leadership and nationhood.

For almost three hours he spoke, finding something to say to every Mexican.

For the small, noisy groups of leftists, he had a warning not to endanger the Mexican consensus by inciting strikes, disorders and sedition. For the anti-gringo nationalists, he criticized U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. For Washington, which has provided massive loans and grants, there was praise for the Alliance for Progress (something that his predecessor, Adolfo López Mateos, never found it in his heart to do). For Mexico's ballooning middle class, there was a call to partnership with the public sector in building new businesses and factories. For the progress-minded, there was a rattling off of impressive statistics: in 1965 the gross national product was increasing at the yearly rate of 6%, wages were up 13.5%, the number of tourists was up 14% and heading for an alltime record.

Finally, for Mexico's rural population, 50% of the country's 41 million people, there was a promise of a new deal: 90% of this year's \$1.2 billion in government public investment would be poured into provinces outside Mexico City. The purpose of the rural new deal is to bridge the gap between the two Mexicos—the cities, where average annual income is \$630, and farms, where earnings still hardly exceed \$125.

The root of the problem is the *ejido* system of land reform, enshrined in Mexico's constitution of 1917. Individual peasants are given the use of small farms on government reserves or expropriated land, which they can transfer to their children but cannot sell or mortgage to obtain desperately needed bank loans. The result is the atomization of landholdings: most Mexican farms average 15 acres in size. Grinding poverty has led to peasant invasions of private land in some states, notably Tlaxcala and Oaxaca, and the government has



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A man with glasses, wearing a blue striped shirt, a dark tie, and a floral patterned vest, is smiling while holding two babies. The baby on the right is being fed with a white bottle. The baby on the left is looking towards the camera. The background is dark and textured.

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been forced to use soldiers to drive out the squatters. Diaz Ordaz, faithful to tradition, cannot bring himself to modify the *ejido* system. But he did promise loans to farmers for livestock, fertilizer and more farm implements.

Sounding remarkably like the President of the country to the north, Diaz Ordaz summed up by telling the Mexican Congress that the government has the "unavoidable obligation to watch over the people of Mexico and the destiny of the Mexican nation."

CUBA

Talk of Growing Unrest

Miami's Cuban exile community lives on hope—and stories from home. For six months the rumors have swirled around the mysterious disappearance of Che Guevara, 37, long the most important figure next to Castro in Cuba's Communist hierarchy (TIME, June 25). Last week the Che story receded into the background before a whole new crop of tales whispering of sabotage and assassination attempts inside Cuba. Some were open to question; others were at least partly based on fact. Either way, they all hinted at growing unrest on Castro's troubled island.

Ramiro Valdés, Castro's Minister of Interior, suggested as much in a brief radio speech last week. "We must fight," he told Cubans, "against internal espionage, sabotage, acts of terrorism and attempted assassinations." A few weeks ago, according to one report, saboteurs put the torch to two Cuban PT boats in Santiago harbor. Another report tells of a Cuban anti-aircraft battery that gunned down a Cuban army transport in the belief that Castro was aboard. A Cuban plane was indeed shot down last June, but it was an "accident," according to Havana Radio.

Still other reports tell of an unsuccessful ambush of a Castro motor caravan in Pinar del Rio province, and a bomb planted at a Cuban power plant where Castro was scheduled to talk. Last week's most widely circulated rumor originated in Miami with the Student Revolutionary Directorate, which claims wide underground contact inside Havana. On July 27, goes the story, Castro was returning from Santa Clara in a motorcade, and had just reached Havana when a group of "workmen" along the road whipped out guns and began firing away, killing a guard and a chauffeur. In some versions, Castro was wounded; other versions say no.

All this may explain why Castro ordered citizens to turn in their weapons by Sept. 1 and began purging all but the staunchest Castroites from his government. "When it is possible to have a technician who is a revolutionary, so much the better," said Castro over the radio. "But when there is no revolutionary technician to take the post, let it be filled by a revolutionary cadre member, even though he is not a technician. It is necessary to have a revolutionary attitude toward problems."

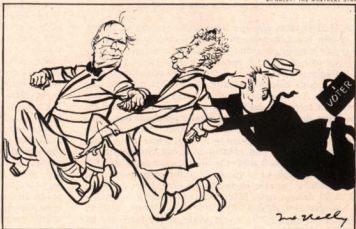
CANADA

A Teasing Game

All month long, Prime Minister Lester Pearson has been playing a teasing game with Canadians. Everywhere he goes he talks in riddles about calling a new election—without ever quite saying it or setting a date. On a visit to Vancouver, he pointed out that an election would be impossible before the end of 1966, if he were to await results of an electoral redistribution now under way. "Do we want to begin our centennial year [1967] with an election?" he asked. "That could mean an election this fall," leaped a newsman. "You have a very succinct way of putting things," winked Pearson. A few hours later, he told a Liberal

to Russia. He has installed a new and vastly expanded social security system, a new minimum-wage law and a far-reaching anti-poverty program. All this seems to be reflected in the most recent Gallup poll, which gives Pearson's Liberals a 45%-to-29% lead over the Conservatives compared with a 42%-to-33% margin during the 1963 election.

Backbone or Banana. Equally important, an election now would catch the Conservatives at a time when their party is deeply split over the curmudgeonly leadership of aging (69) ex-Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. Yet the north woods are full of politicians who have learned to rue the day they counted Diefenbaker out. No sooner did Pearson drop his hints than the



"AND AWAY WE GO."

dinner group that he would "pray for wisdom and patience during the months and years ahead—if I am chosen to continue to serve."

Wheat & Security. Why an election now? Mainly because Mike Pearson seems to want one. For the last 29 months, he has been governing with a minority in the House of Commons, depending on splinter parties to pass his legislation. Yet his Liberal party lacks only six seats for a full 133-seat majority. He obviously thinks he can pick them up, and possibly a lot more.

The record on which Pearson would run is a generally good one. To be sure, his government has been plagued by a long series of nasty scandals, which forced the resignation of two Cabinet ministers as well as Pearson's own parliamentary secretary. But Canada is calm, prosperous and more or less content with a gross national product rising 8% a year. To help heal the divisions between French- and English-speaking Canadians, Pearson pushed through a new Canadian flag and set up a special Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism. In the prairie provinces—where the political leanings are Conservative, but the wheat buyer is always right—he can brag about last month's \$450 million sale of 222 million bu. of wheat

old Conservative war horse made a surprisingly successful five-day tour of Quebec's rural eastern outbacks, pumping hands, signing autographs, trying out his fractured French, touring small stores and factories. Just before the last election, Diefenbaker was so unpopular in Quebec that there was real question whether he would be safe on a campaign swing through French Canada. But tempers cool, and now 1,200 citizens turned up in Ste. Perpetue (pop. 1,160) to cheer his campaign promises: abolition of the 11% sales tax on farm machinery, training schools for farmers, low-interest farm credit. Everywhere, he pecked away at the scandals singeing Mike Pearson's administration. "This government," he said, "is trying to make a banana into a backbone."

As the teasing, now-you-see-it—now-you-don't election talk went on, a lot of Canadians were tiring of Pearson's game. "If Mr. Pearson does not have serious and clear views on whether there should be an election," said the Ottawa Journal, "he should conceal that ghastly vacuum in impressive silence." With that kind of sentiment growing and John Diefenbaker sharpening his sword, there was a chance that a fall election might leave Pearson little better off than he is right now.

ODE TO THE ROAD

Night. Rain. Pavement squeegeed dry by tires of car ahead. NEW ENGLAND KEEP LEFT. *chk-chk-chk* from cars in opposite lanes, their headlights spaced out evenly by expert tailgating. Radio: "Hurricane Betsy is acting up again." Sensation of pleasant tension, smooth-pumping pistons, wiper-rhythm. WARNING SPEED CHECKED BY RADAR. Needle's right on 65. Cops make allowances. "Hey nonny nonny and a Ballantine beer." PAY TOLL AHEAD. Get out! EXACT CHANGE. Hands resting lightly on wheel. "You don't believe—we're on the eve—of destruction." LINCOLN AVE 2 MILES LINCOLN AVE 1 MILE LINCOLN AVE NEXT RIGHT. Is it Dewey Threway or Duway Thruway? Might as well edge up to 70. Everybody knows speedometers overread. NO BICYCLES OR PEDESTRIANS ALLOWED.

MANKIND takes pleasure in a certain amount of gloom. When the talk turns to traffic, people love to speak bleakly of Gordian gluts that move like glaciers, of an ever-rising tide of blood on the roads, of a dark future in which cars multiply until they plate the nation's surface with two-ton steel locusts belching exhaust fumes that turn the sky shroud-grey. Any one man's traffic experience on a bad day can make it seem that the U.S. is well on its way to hell on wheels, that the nation faces an infinite problem. But a different experience, such as speeding through a rainy night on a broad new highway, might give a glimmer of a truer judgment: the strong and affluent U.S. can conquer traffic congestion—and is well along the road toward doing so.

The prime mover, so to speak, of traffic congestion is the U.S.'s explosive increase in motor vehicles, from 8,000 in 1900 to 90 million now. More pertinently, the car population has risen by almost 50 million since World War II, growing an average 5.7% a year while people increased by only 1.7%. Millions of families have bought their first car, or their first second car, or their first third car. Traffic engineers have been caught flat-tired. Great fleets of new cars will continue to cascade onto U.S. highways, but eventually, a point of saturation comes—probably at the ratio of one car for every person who can drive. Once the U.S. nears some realistic maximum volume of functioning cars on the road, growth of auto population will be tied to, and limited by, the growth of human population. And building roads for this controlled total becomes a definable, if enormous job.

Wide Enough for a Corpse on a Cart

Mating the vehicle to the needs of man has been a challenge for a good many centuries. Around 700 B.C., Assyrian King Sennacherib undertook to keep chariots from parking along a main highway. ROYAL ROAD, LET NO MAN DECREASE IT, said the no-parking sign, and any man who decreased the road was soon deceased. Ancient Rome banned all women from driving chariots, and decreed that no one could drive near the Colosseum during the gladiator-baiting. Europe's early roads charged stiff tolls to pay for improvements, such as sufficient widening "to let a man pass with a dead corpse on a cart." The Romans, using heavy stones in layers, built a 50,000-mi. network of roads that wound through much of Europe and North Africa.

American colonists used Indian trails at first, eventually widened them and straightened them as part of a network of quagmire-pocked coach roads connecting major cities along the East Coast. Not until the late 1850s, when Congress appropriated \$550,000 for three wagon roads, did anyone going West from the Mississippi River have anything but trackless prairies to drive on. From then on, road networks spread like spider webs across the U.S. In 1904 the U.S. Office of Road Inquiry took a national highway census that showed 2,000,000 miles of roads, just 250 miles of them paved.

These were the times that Professor Harmer Davis, transportation expert at the University of California, calls the period of *caveat viator*—let the traveler beware. With the '20s came the concept of traffic engineering, which finally adapted the carriage road of history to the internal-combustion car, providing gradual curves, smooth surfaces, low grades, road markers—and some helpful innovations. One was the parkway, which was born along the Bronx River in New York's Westchester County in 1922 and pioneered the principle of separated opposing lanes. Another was the cloverleaf, the essential invention that lets traffic on two divided highways cross and merge in all possible directional combinations without interrupting flow; the first was built at Woodbridge, N.J., in 1928.

The third phase of U.S. road history is the present period of making the road fit the environment. Land use, the natural setting, social conditions and human psychology are its concerns. It acknowledges that the private car is and for scores of years will be the most used form of transportation. Its expression is the U.S. Interstate Highway system, and its symbol is the red, white and blue shield that seems to say, "Heave a sigh of relief and get moving."

Gentle Grades & Artful Curves

These great Roman roads of today combine half a dozen principles to achieve a qualitative advance over any earlier road system, or any foreign system. The freeway's wide median strip virtually abolishes head-on collisions and headlight glare. Passing is made so easy that one four-lane freeway can carry about ten times as many cars as two two-way roads. Freeway cloverleaves eliminate the need for intersection stopping; limited access banishes blind entrances and overly frequent inflows of traffic. Gentle grades, ample widths and curves of an easy mathematical beauty let drivers see at least twice as far ahead as the distance they might need—even at the engineered 70 m.p.h.—to come to a stop. The same curves, plus the swirling cloverleaves, give much of the system a pre-Raphaelite art and grace.

This project—at once the biggest public work of all history and the source of many a state's worst corruption scandal—undertakes to tie together every city of 50,000 or more in the U.S. When finished, it will total only 41,000 miles of the nation's 3,600,000 miles of road, but will carry more than 20% of all traffic. It is a bit less than half complete, and to travel it now is to see the ideal when one is on some freshly built stretch with not a car in sight, and the obsolete when the sign says FREEWAY ENDS and the car is dumped onto a truck-jammed road bearing the telltale black-and-white shield that identifies the old federal-aid highway system. Interstate 40, for example, turns into Route 66, once famed in song and legend, and now a dreary bore lined with signs like SEE GILA MONSTERS $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE.

The building costs for these broad, eight- to 36-in.-thick roads average \$1,141,000 per mile. Columbia Professor William Vickrey says that the "subsidy" on some expressways is as much as 10¢ per car-mile, roughly equal to the vehicle's operating cost. On balance, however, the motorist saves big sums in reduced operating and accident costs, saved time and lessened strain. The road-building money is extracted from the motorist himself, in taxes on fuel, tires, accessories and truck weight. In the Interstate system, which is supposed to cost \$46.8 billion by the time it is finished in 1972, the Federal Government pays 90% of the cost and the local governments chip in 10%. Once the road is built, local taxes must pay the whole tab for maintenance—and this year maintaining old roads is costing no less than a third as much as building new ones. "It's like giving a Cadillac to a guy making \$1,000 a year and saying 'O.K., you take care of it,'" says one traffic man.

The good roads also have a cost in monotony. The antiseptic highway stretches on and on and on. The green-and-white signs are the same. The little clusters of commerce-at-the-cloverleaf are eminently the same. Even the jargon on the menus of the identical restaurants ("char-broiled steak smothered in mushrooms sauteed in fresh country butter") is the same. Yet, happily enough, as the freeway driver highballs from one similar place to another, leisurely and nostalgic souls who want to sample the color and culture of America's side roads can do so readily.

Invariably, another kind of nostalgia rears up whenever new freeways are about to be carved into the countryside—the sensation that Nature is being suffocated beneath spans of concrete. "In many parts of the country the building of a highway has about the same results upon vegetation and human structures as the passage of a tornado or the blast of an atom bomb," protests Critic Lewis Mumford, one of the foremost save-our-trees esthetes. In San Francisco, Folk Singer Malvina Reynolds became so angry with the California Highway Department that she wrote a song:

*There's a cement octopus sits in Sacramento, I think
Gets red tape to eat, gasoline taxes to drink
And it grows by day and it grows by night
And it rolls over everything in sight
Oh, stand by me and protect that tree
From the freeway misery.*

Downtown Headaches

Broad, open and breezy as the superhighway may be out in the country, it often hits trouble at the city limits. The name of the trouble is "downtown." Where cities prize the idea of a distinct center, or where they are locked into it by topography, as in New York City or San Francisco, the congestion of building at the center vastly increases the difficulty of applying the principles—divided lanes, cloverleafs—of the expressway. Where cities have ample room and are indifferent to the idea of "downtown," expressways can be shaped in belts, loops and spokelike patterns that solve most traffic problems. Houston is one such city, and it smugly considers its traffic headaches to be negligible.

In truly congested cities, the expanses of concrete built to unclog traffic are often jammed almost from the moment they open. The Long Island Expressway, designed for 80,000 by 1970, now carries up to 170,000 a day; and the Hollywood Freeway, intended for 120,000 by 1970, now conveys nearly twice that many. "This is the only business where, if you have record crowds the first day, you consider it a failure," says Chicago's Project Supervisor Patrick J. Athol. To technophobes, this proves the futility of building roads—but that is something like not building schools to keep children from being born.

The traffic-jam trauma is under attack. For example, Detroit's John C. Lodge Expressway is testing an ingenious control system. Fourteen TV cameras, mounted on bridges over a particularly congested three-mile stretch, transmit pictures of cars to a 14-screen big-brother console near by. Technicians at the console can zoom in their lenses for closeup shots of any single suspicious vehicle; on several occasions they have watched on television while a smashup or a breakdown occurs. Then they call a policeman and throw switches that change speed-limit signs, block ramps, and turn on big red X signs over the lane that is blocked.

Even without such futuristic paraphernalia, city traffic in most places is moving better than it ever has. Driving time from one distant suburb into downtown Houston averaged 26.7 minutes during peak hours in 1960, now takes just 17.7 minutes. Los Angeles has a last laugh too: in 1957 a survey showed that peak-hour speeds on all freeways and streets averaged 24 m.p.h.; last year the average was up to 31 m.p.h.—not *grand prix*, but better than most mass transit.

Meanwhile New York, bastion of the crawling car and the double-parked truck, is only coping. Traffic Commissioner Henry A. Barnes has seen to it that Manhattan's major north-south streets are going—or will go—one way, and traffic has speeded up about 30%. Last week Barnes

finally got permission to begin installing a \$100 million system of traffic lights that will get their cues from what sensor-sent messages tell a computer about the flow of traffic.

For all but a dozen or so of the U.S.'s 224 cities of over 50,000 population, the answer to the traffic problem is clear: more expressways. As E. H. Holmes, planning director of the U.S. Bureau of Roads, says, "Congestion isn't peaking up any more; it's spreading." Little more than 5% of all metropolitan traffic in most cities is bound for the downtown area; most of it is skirting the city. And for such as New York and San Francisco, the answer lies mainly in more mass transit facilities (although New York is preparing to build a 2.5-mile Lower Manhattan crosstown expressway; estimated cost: \$100 million a mile). In San Francisco, where the city board of planners have refused since 1958 to allow any freeways to be built, the 75-mile Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) automated system of trains running at 90-sec. intervals is to be completed in 1971. Cost: \$13 million a mile.

But the question there, as well as in any other city that tries to woo motorized commuters away from their cars, is whether anybody wants to make the switch. Thousands of drivers enjoy not being tied to the unyielding timetable and the often inconvenient station locations of the railroad. Said one New York commuter last week, as he waited immobile (and alone, as do 70% of New York's commuting drivers) in traffic: "The train's part of the city. My car's a part of home."

Toothless Laws

Of all the problems—solvable or not—that U.S. traffic has generated, none is worse than the shameful web of immorality and ineptness that has come to entangle the enforcement and the court procedures of traffic laws. Supreme Court Justice Byron R. White last month startled a meeting of state bar association presidents in Miami with a stinging attack on traffic courts.

"If the 30 million violators each year are to mend their ways," said White, "it is wholly clear that we cannot tolerate the fix, that we cannot run traffic courts for revenue rather than for the purpose of influencing behavior, that serious violators must face judges. Their procedures should be upgraded and modernized to dispense justice on the one hand and to have the desired impact on the violator on the other hand."

Twenty-five states still allow the fee system in their traffic courts—meaning that the "judge," who might be a grocer, a barber, or even the local beauty-shop operator, is paid from the proceeds of fines. Some have been known to make \$20,000 a year dispensing justice. The laws themselves are often unfair—or unenforceable. Speed limits that are set too low allow an officer to pick and choose when he should arrest someone. One of the greatest bluffs in U.S. traffic law is the New York City parking ordinance. Stern-looking green tickets, carrying a \$15 fine, are issued by the hippo-keful every day. At the moment, there are more than 900,000 outstanding tickets that have not been paid. The reason: before the clerk of court will issue a warrant for the car owner's arrest, he must have positive evidence that the owner himself parked the car.

A toothless traffic regulation like that invites disrespect for law and congestion in the streets. More to the point, it shows that many a traffic problem has a simple cure: change the law. Similarly, though critics contend that there is a kind of Parkinson's Law that causes any new car-stowing garage to overflow the instant it opens, many cities are making room for autos by insisting that new apartment houses and office structures have built-in parking space.

Solutions are even easier to find in the concrete-and-steel side of traffic handling: proven highway-building techniques are commonplace, and Washington has plenty of money. There will always be the time, of course, when 100,000 fatheads choose to clog the airport road just as some hapless chap leaves late to catch his plane; the traffic snarl can never be utterly banished. But in any pragmatic sense, the word for the traffic problem is: finite.



MACARTHUR (RIGHT) RECOVERING RUBY*
Pebble in a phone booth.

To write an end to the tale, a sort of Miami Beach *Riff*, Florida Insurance Millionaire John D. MacArthur, 68, agreed to pay \$25,000 as ransom for the \$140,000 DeLong ruby, stolen last October in the great jewel robbery at Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History. MacArthur packed the cash in a bundle of \$100 and \$50 bills for Freelance Writer Francis P. Antel to deliver to the users who had held the 100.32-carat ruby as collateral on a loan. He then drove out to a phone booth near Palm Beach and found the stone perched like a pebble on a ledge over the door. MacArthur rejoined that the ruby will quickly rejoin nine other jewels recovered so far—including the priceless 563.35-carat Star of India sapphire. Why did he put up the ransom? "Public service," smiled MacArthur proudly.

Their affair started off nervously, with French Fashion Model Bettina shuffling around for a full hour waiting for her date. Then things began to relax. Her ever-after date, Aly Khan, would round up a group of friends in Paris and drag them all off to a horror film, then drop off to sleep, leaving instructions with Bettina to wake him instantly if he snored. Actually, writes Bettina in *Bettina*, a history of her five years with the late Aly, the cinema was one of the few places where Aly could get a decent sleep. He was a compulsive gambler, a lover of outhouse humor and intricately vulgar practical jokes. "But never once did he fail to treat me as a wife," says Bettina of Aly, who never did get around to marrying her.

"In this book," says the new King Korn Stamp Co.'s catalogue, "you will find a wide selection of the finest gifts from America's leading manufactur-

* With New York Daily News Reporter William Federici.

PEOPLE

ers." For example, 5½ books of stamps will fetch you a Gooney-Cycle unicycle, five books, a Kidee Krome table and chair set. And for just 1,975 books you may have, from one of America's leading manufacturers indeed, *Rice Threshing* by Thomas Hart Benton, 76. Did putting his work up for stamps bother the crusty Missouri artist? Not a bit, said Benton, who was paid around \$5,000 for the painting. "I've always liked the idea of popularizing paintings." The next question is what popularized art lover is going to buy the \$296,250 worth of merchandise and lick the 2,962,500 stamps he will need to purchase it.

First merry George Murphy danced on as a U.S. Senator. Then Good Guy Ronald Reagan strolled in from stage right to thrill his audience with the idea he might run for Governor of California against Pat Brown. Now, with Jimmy Roosevelt giving up his congressional seat from Los Angeles's 26th District to represent the U.S. on the United Nations Economic and Social Council, liberal Showman Steve Allen, 46, says he too might want to get in on the act by trying out for Roosevelt's part. Trouble with the Congress bit, says Steve, is that it's not liberal enough—with money: "In Las Vegas they pay you in a week what a Congressman makes in a year."

Judy Garland, 43, is about to take a fourth husband for the third time. Or maybe it is the first time. In June 1964, she announced in Hong Kong that she had been married twice—once by a ship's captain, once by a Buddhist priest—to longtime Traveling Companion Mark Herron. Then she said no, she hadn't at all, when it turned out that her marriage to Hollywood Producer Sid Luft had not been dissolved. The Dissolution came in May, and as she opened a concert series last week at the Circle Star Theater in San Carlos, Calif., Judy quavered to the audience: "I'm going to marry my beloved Mark on the 19th of September." The bridegroom pronounced himself "stunned, thrilled and overwhelmed."

With due ceremony, the Denison, Texas, school board decided to rename the local high school in honor of Dwight David Eisenhower, 74, who was born in that little two-story frame house near the tracks. Would Ike attend? He'd be delighted. So everything was arranged, until some townspeople started to grumble. Why, they sniffed, did Eisenhower boy lived here only three months before the family moved up to Abilene. And hadn't one of the papers said he was "born in Denison by accident"? The school board backed off, sheepishly offered to name, well, the school auditorium after him. But would Ike still attend? He'd be delighted. And

so were the townspeople when the general arrived, flashing the famous grin and sternly telling young people to respect law and order. "The nicest part," said a woman who has lived there 76 years, "is he never said anything about the squabble."

French Ambassador Hervé Alphand, 58, and his wife Nicole had been close to the Kennedys, but when Lyndon Johnson came to the White House, the *entente* was not all that cordiale ("I suppose we will have to learn zee bar-bee-cue," quipped Nicole). For more than a year there has been gossip that the Alphands would be leaving Washington. Now called home to Paris to take over the No. 2 post in the Quai d'Orsay under Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, Alphand makes way in Washington for a Frenchman who might better understand "zee bar-bee-cue"—possibly the Quai's political section chief, Charles Lucet, who has 16 years' diplomatic service in the U.S.

"Calm down!" yelled Paul McCartney through the pelting jelly-bean rain in San Francisco's Cow Palace. "Things are getting dangerous." That was nothing new, but as the Beatles fought through the last engagement of their late-summer U.S. campaign, the casualties were especially heavy. One cop was knocked cold, conked by a flying Coke bottle, two others had minor injuries, 231 beatnuts fainted, 94 got first aid, and five-months-pregnant Julia Stewart, wife of the Kingston Trio's John Stewart, was nearly trampled when she was jostled to the bedlam floor. *C'est la guerre*. Flying back to London, the shaggy O.B.E.s relaxed by counting the booty—well over \$1,000,000 for a two-week tour in eight cities—and decided that, after all, war was swell.



BEATLE & FRIENDS
Booty at the Cow Palace.

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If this is the way you would like *your* insurance handled, call an Aetna Casualty agent. As a qualified professional, he'll *earn* your business. He'll give you the protection you need *plus* P.S. — Personal Service—*extra* service at *no* extra cost. If you don't already know an Aetna Casualty agent, look in the Yellow Pages.

Ask about Budget-Rite, Aetna Casualty's new, low-cost monthly payment plan. Budget-Rite is recognized as the finest plan of its kind in the insurance industry. It's simple, convenient, businesslike . . . and it conserves your valuable working capital.

Aetna
LIFE & CASUALTY

Don't miss "National Geographic: Americans on Everest" on CBS-TV, Friday evening, Sept. 10.



LAWYER NUNEZ IN DEATH CAR
Another round for G.M.

TORTS

Corvair's Second Case

General Motors has won a significant decision in the case of the controversial Corvairs. Some 85 suits have been brought against G.M. by victims—and dependents of victims—injured in accidents involving Corvairs built in the 1960-63 model years. Almost all claim that the car's rear axle (since redesigned) gave the Corvair an inherent instability and a tendency to oversteer, resulting sometimes in fatal accidents. G.M. won the first suit last month by convincing a California jury that a fatal accident involving a 1960 Corvair was caused by driver inexperience; but the jury's decision was not so much a vindication of the car as a condemnation of the driver. A second case at Clearwater, Fla., however, has resulted in a more meaningful victory for the giant automaker.

Suits & More Suits. The Florida accident occurred in 1963, as State Legislators James T. Russell and David C. Anderson were driving home to St. Petersburg from a session of the legislature in Tallahassee. On U.S. Highway 19, Russell's 1962 Corvair Monza went out of control and overturned, hurling Anderson out the door. He died six days later.

Anderson's widow sued Russell—eventually he settled out of court for \$15,000—and then both she and Russell sued G.M. They also brought suit against the local Corvair dealer and the U.S. Rubber Corp., which had manufactured the car's tires. Against G.M., they made two charges: that the Corvair's doors and door handles were too weak to withstand the pressure of a roll-over, and that because of a poorly designed rear axle, the rear wheels tended to tuck in and lose all traction in a swerve.

G.M. put up a thoroughgoing defense. It hired St. Petersburg Attorney Robert Nunez and another local lawyer, dispatched two G.M. general coun-

sels from Detroit, also sent down G.M. Engineer Horatio Shakespeare. To counter the claim that the Corvair's doors were weak, the company brought in a metallurgist from the University of Illinois and an accident specialist from U.C.L.A. G.M. reconstructed aspects of the accident by crashing three cars, took motion pictures of the crashes in both color and black and white.

Unanimous Acquittal. The trial in Clearwater's state circuit court lasted six weeks. Judge Victor O. Wehle directed acquittal verdicts for both U.S. Rubber and the local Corvair dealer, thus leaving G.M. the sole defendant. He instructed the jurors to hold the company up to a standard of strict liability—meaning that G.M. would be held responsible if the car had any inherent defect. After deliberating for 13 hours, the Clearwater jurors unanimously acquitted G.M.

Though the decision is only one jury's opinion and does not set a binding legal precedent, it will probably discourage future suits against Corvair. It has already influenced Lawyer Nunez's life in several ways. While gathering evidence for the trial, he searched long and hard for the death car. Tracing it to a used-car lot 213 miles from the scene of the accident, he bought it with G.M.'s money, had the company put it through a series of tests that proved useful in preparing the defense. Nunez still has the Corvair. "I drive it all the time," says he. "It drives wonderfully. I don't drive it over 80, though."

The Law of Noise

In a day of screeching jets, diesel trucks, transistor radios, air hammers and outboard motors, how can a man tell the world to shut up? He can try by suing for damages or asking the courts for an injunction, but he can hardly expect silence. Having coped with human

din ever since people first huddled in towns, the law is well aware that one man's noise is another man's music.

Because annoyance is subjective, says Manhattan Lawyer George A. Spater in the *Michigan Law Review*, courts usually insist on tangible harm before they do anything about noise. Typically, the plaintiff recovers only if noise decreases the value of his property. Recovery for personal injury is rare, says Spater; recovery because of mere sensitivity to noise is impossible.

Although courts readily enjoin deliberately noisy neighbors, loud dance halls and amusement parks, "serious" business is another matter. Unless caused by poor design, for example, ordinary industrial noise is protected on the ground that silencing it would cause undue losses. Even though the test is what a person of "ordinary sensibilities" can tolerate, the law does not automatically protect those who choose to live beside sources of foreseeable noise, however annoying.

Legal Nuisance. Spater notes that governmental noise-makers such as the Air Force are even freer to deafen their neighbors. For one thing, neither federal nor local government can be sued unless it consents. Some state laws specify that no activity called for by statute "can be deemed a nuisance." And while the U.S. Constitution (Fifth Amendment) guarantees just compensation for private property taken for public use, says Spater, "taken" means invaded by physical action—not mere noise.

The same rule holds for public utilities, railroads, or airlines that operate under Government authority and are not guilty of negligence. No one can sue a railroad simply because he is being driven to distraction by the passage of 100-car freight trains. His property must actually be "taken"—a rule that the Supreme Court applied to aircraft in the 1946 case (*U.S. v. Causby*)



"I SAID IT'S CONVENIENT TO TRANSPORTATION!"
Airborne invaders can be sued.



Aboard JAL's magnificent Jet Couriers,
the pleasures of the Orient continue...

On...



And on...



And on...



And on...



Wherever in the world you wish to go, chances are there's a delightful JAL hostess in kimono going there, too. Why not join her and be pampered with gracious service in the Japanese manner as you fly "amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound." See your travel agent.

JAPAN AIR LINES



of a chicken farmer who was driven off his land by military planes flying as low as 67 ft. above his house near Greensboro, N.C. The court upheld *Causby* because the physical invasion of his "super-adjacent airspace" made his land uninhabitable. The noise, in fact, so frightened his chickens that 150 of them flew into the nearest walls and were killed. Only after the invasion occurred was *Causby* allowed to recover \$375 for his chickens.

In another case, the court in 1963 refused to review a decision denying recovery to landowners who did not live directly under the path of noisy aircraft. According to that decision (*Batten v. U.S.*), the Government is not liable for "noise, vibration or smoke without a physical invasion."

New Doctrine. Lawyer Spater argues that *Causby* and *Batten* should continue to be controlling decisions in the coming age of "sonic booms" caused by aircraft operating at supersonic speed. As he sees it, sonic booms cause ground damage only when supersonic aircraft negligently accelerate at low altitudes. In that case, he says, property owners may properly claim invasion. But "no recovery will be allowed for the mere annoyance caused by sonic booms, even though the annoyance may be severe enough to occasion a decline in property values."

Spater has good reason to urge courts to hold that line. Though his fascinating and well-documented article does not disclose it, he is general counsel of American Airlines.* He is understandably fretful and concerned about two recent state court decisions in Oregon and Washington, flatly holding that airway noise is compensable even though the plaintiff's airspace is not violated. Spater calls those decisions "a grave abuse of judicial power." According to other air lawyers, however, the Supreme Court may eventually embrace the new doctrine that appears to treat noise alone as damaging, even without a physical invasion.

POLICE

Helping the Widows

National remorse over the Kennedy assassination helped to make Mrs. J. D. Tippit the best cared-for policeman's widow in U.S. history. After the President's killer, Lee Harvey Oswald, shot Patrolman Tippit in Dallas, Mrs. Tippit received \$650,000 from 40,000 donors across the nation.† Last year 88

* In the current *University of Washington Law Review*, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas chides U.S. law reviews for not identifying "special pleaders who fail to disclose that they are not scholars but rather people with axes to grind." Douglas proposes "an editorial policy that puts in footnote No. 1 the relevant affiliations of the author."

† She has put half the money into a trust fund for her three children, refuses to say what she has done with the other half. The only signs of her new affluence are a new car and color TV set.



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other U.S. policemen were killed in the line of duty. What of their widows and children?

Until recently, most Americans merely read about the murders of policemen and felt sorry. Now there is a growing movement called the "Hundred Clubs" for expressing the citizen's condolences and appreciation in a more meaningful and a more helpful way.

The idea can be traced to Detroit Car Dealer William M. Packer, who in 1950 dunned 100 friends for \$100 apiece to aid the widow and newborn child of a murdered rookie patrolman. That started what is now a 453-member Detroit Hundred Club, with annual dues of \$150 and a treasury of more than \$300,000. So far, the club has given 77 widows and their children \$321,000 for everything from unpaid mortgages to scholarships and cash for unpaid bills. It covers Michigan state troopers as

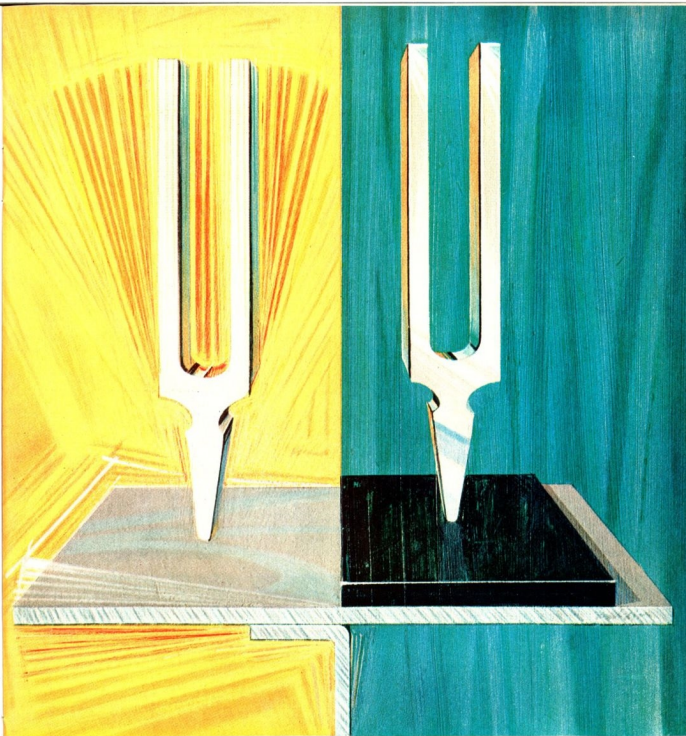


MRS. TIPPIT & FAMILY

More meaningful than just feeling sorry.

well as policemen and firemen in Detroit and 50 nearby communities.

Packer's idea has been copied in 18 other cities as diverse as Cleveland, Memphis, Louisville, Indianapolis, Akron, New York and Orlando, Fla., though not yet in Dallas. Last month it was taken to Phoenix by a newly arrived charter member of the Detroit club. Just eight days after 100 citizens started the Phoenix Hundred Club, it handed its first \$1,000 check to Mrs. Herman Nofs, widow of a 71-year-old deputy marshal who was murdered by his own gun in a scuffle with teen-age burglars in nearby Youngstown, Ariz. Deputy Nofs's death stirred such a response that the Phoenix Club may now increase membership to 350 and already has plans to pay life insurance premiums for all local policemen and firemen, hopes eventually to extend coverage to every lawman in Arizona. Grim proof that it is needed came once again last week: a 48-year-old Phoenix sheriff's lieutenant was killed during a gunfight, leaving a wife and three children—the latest beneficiaries of the Hundred Club.



New material reduces destructive vibration

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Three new DC-8's join the

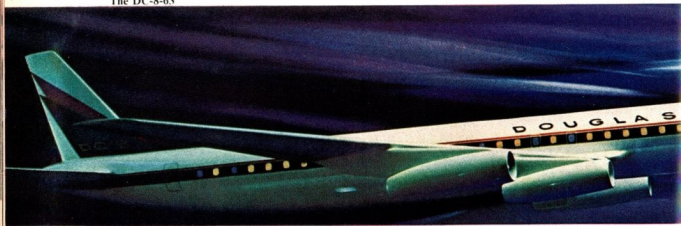
The DC-8-61



The DC-8-62



The DC-8-63



Now there are Eleven members of the Douglas Royal Family of Jets. Three versions of a new generation — the Series 60 — have been added to the DC-8 fleet. The DC-8-61 has a new fuselage that reaches 34 feet longer than the standard DC-8; it's just right for heavily traveled routes such as Los Angeles to New York and Los Angeles to Hawaii.

The DC-8-62 is designed for long-distance flights like Los Angeles to Rome...or Copenhagen...or Tokyo. It will fly farther, more efficiently than any other jet transport.

Jetland Royal Family



The DC-8-63 brings together the best of both worlds of size and aerodynamic design. This airplane will be, by far, the biggest and most advanced jetliner of its time.

All three of the new models will have Jet/trader versions for airfreight work.

Douglas is ready for a Jet Age that has barely begun to boom. From the new DC-9 to the DC-8-63, you can pick precisely the Douglas jets that suit you best.

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KENT...THE ONE CIGARETTE FOR EVERYONE WHO SMOKES.

EDUCATION

INTEGRATION

Beyond Tokenism

Despite ballyhooed breakthroughs and a carload of court decrees, the Deep South's resilient resistance to school integration has been remarkably effective: only 24% of the 2,980,000 Negro school children in eleven Southern states actually sat in classrooms last year with whites. As the school year began last week, however, that kind of tokenism showed evidence of crumbling, and its end seemed in sight.

In Hayneville, Ala., School Superintendent Hulda Coleman (sister of the man who is charged with the Aug. 20 murder there of Civil Rights Worker Jonathan M. Daniels) presided briskly over the uneventful enrollment of four Negro pupils. In Philadelphia, Miss., where three civil rights workers were slain a year ago, nine Negroes attended the Neshoba County schools. When a white boy threw a pop bottle at a Negro girl, Principal Prentice Copeland promptly paddled the troublemaker's bottom, put him on probation and made him apologize. Despite taut racial tensions in Bogalusa, La., where violence occurred recently, hesitant Negro children followed their determined mothers into once all-white schools as police held off spectators. In Gainesboro, Tenn., Peggy Williams, 13, not only became the first Negro in the town's elementary school, but her 30 white classmates elected her president of their eighth-grade home room. In Atlanta, the Rev. Martin Luther King's children, Yolanda and Martin Luther King III, who had previously attended all-Negro public schools, integrated Atlanta's Spring Street public school. "Several parents welcomed us and said how happy they were to see us," said Mrs. King.

Shifting the Burden. There were practical considerations behind this year's surge in integration. Some school districts simply got tired of trying to fend off the courts. But the main reason was that many districts desperately need federal help to keep their schools going—and the 1964 Civil Rights Act says that they cannot have federal money unless they integrate the schools.

Thus, to qualify for the \$764 million that Congress is expected to make available to Southern public schools this year, about 1,700 of the region's 1,950 districts submitted integration plans that were acceptable to U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel. Roughly half of these districts took the easy way by adopting "freedom of choice" plans, under which Negroes are to designate the school they wish to attend. These plans have been attacked by civil rights groups because "freedom of choice" places the burden of initiative upon local Negroes—who have to buck intense white pressure—rather than putting the responsibility on school officials.

Keppel's office agrees, may reconsider these plans next year. Of all districts that submitted acceptable plans, however, almost 90% gulped hard and prepared to integrate all twelve grades this fall, while the rest accepted the four-grades-a-year minimum policy set by Keppel.

"Just Do Nothin'." That still left plenty of areas of resistance. More than 100 districts made no effort to qualify for federal aid, and 120 others submitted plans that will have to be upgraded to satisfy Keppel.

The holdouts are concentrated in the rural black-belt sections of Louisiana, where only a fourth of the state's districts have qualified, and in North Car-



GOING TO CLASS IN BOGALUSA'S WHITE SCHOOLS
For a thrown bottle, a paddled bottom.

olina, South Carolina and Mississippi, where roughly a third have complied. Mississippi's Amite County, for example, is 60% Negro. The residents there spurned more than \$50,000 in federal cash, voted to raise their school tax to offset the deficit. "The Nigras," insists School Board Attorney J. D. Gordon Sr., "are well satisfied with their schools." Across town, a member of the leaderless Negro community, Baptist Minister M. D. Smith, agrees: "Everyone I know is perfectly satisfied with the present situation."

There will be other places that will try, as Amite School Board Chairman Colville Jackson puts it, to "just do nothin'." But integration is moving at a stepped-up pace. Late this month, Commissioner Keppel expects to have a head count on just how many Negroes are in previously all-white Southern classrooms this year. He optimistically predicts that the number will be ten times that of last year—in all, perhaps as much as a fourth of the South's Negro schoolchildren.

UNIVERSITIES

In Appreciation of Excellence

The University of the South, perched on a plateau in the Cumberland Mountains at Sewanee, Tenn., represents excellence in education wrapped in a tiny package. Only 787 students, all men, inhabit its 10,000 acres. Its *Sewanee Review* is a first-rate literary quarterly. Its English department is one of the best; it has an enviable one-to-twelve teacher-student ratio, and has turned out fifteen Rhodes scholars, one of the best records among colleges its size.

Because of that reputation, and because it is one of the few (8) U.S. colleges operated by the Episcopal Church, Sewanee attracts 20% of its enrollment from outside the South. Many Ivy League alumni send their sons to

Sewanee because, they say, they want their boys to get the same kind of small-school instruction that they had—but which the Ivy League has since outgrown. (If Sewanee cannot match the glories of Ivy League athletics, it can at least boast an illustrious football past: in 1899, before football was confined to Saturdays, Sewanee knocked off Texas, Texas A. & M., Tulane, L.S.U. and Mississippi all in the same week.)

Three years ago, the Ford Foundation decided to offer Sewanee an improvement grant of \$2,500,000. In doing so, it indirectly posed the question of whether Sewanee's kind of excellence is really appreciated; for, to get the gift, the school would have to raise \$7,500,000 of its own. With only 6,600 living alumni, Sewanee could not find the money on its own. But about 11,000 people who had never attended the school sent donations; 395 of them cared enough, in fact, to give \$10,000 or more apiece. Last week Sewanee's fund was past \$8,000,000—and the Ford grant was clinched.



DR. LIGHT INFECTING HOUR-OLD BABY
Hospital's enemy within.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Fighting Staph with Staph

The bacteria known as *Staphylococcus aureus* are dreaded by doctors as a cause of dangerous and persistent infections in many parts of the body. Ironically, the kinds of "staph" commonly found in hospitals are the worst of all, because they have developed resistance to most of the antibiotics around them. They are spread, usually from wounds or boils, not only on patients' linen, but also on nurses' hands and surgeons' breath, and even through air ducts. Newborn babies, with practically no resistance, are especially susceptible. Some hospital nurseries have been decimated by staph epidemics.

Doctors have tried everything they could think of to check staph, and now it appears that a good way to do it is to fight staph with staph. There are as many varieties of staph as there are breeds of dogs, and some are harmless while others are vicious. Researchers in Manhattan and Cincinnati got the idea that if they could "infect" newborn babies with a harmless strain, these germs might somehow prevent later invasion by dangerous strains.

In last week's A.M.A. *Journal*, Pediatricians Irwin J. Light and James M. Sutherland reported how well the technique worked. They grew a gentle strain of staph, dubbed 502A, in soy broth, and swabbed a minute amount of the germ-laden fluid into the nostrils and on the unhealed navels of one-hour-old babies in Cincinnati General Hospital. The 502A "took"; air sampling and other tests showed that dangerous strains of staph soon disappeared from the nurseries. But the harmful strains reappeared after swabbing was stopped. Medical men call the staph v. staph process "bacterial interference," and are not quite sure how it happens. Some suspect that interference may occur be-

cause one strain of staph utilizes some substance that the other strain needs in order to live, or that one strain produces something that kills the other.

The method is not recommended for routine, continuous use because some babies develop a rash from 502A. But it can be instituted whenever a virulent strain of "hospital staph" is detected in a nursery, and in at least six hospitals it has halted such invasions.

TRAUMA

Elusive Head Injuries

The more that doctors learn about head injuries, the more concerned they are that not nearly enough is being done to protect accident victims from the long-lasting, possibly paralyzing or fatal effects of insidious brain damage. The main reason is that gross injuries to the brain often go undetected and even unsuspected.

The severity of the head-injury problem is increasing with spreading industrialization. Accidents have become the leading cause of death among Americans aged one to 37, and head injuries are among the commonest and deadliest of all accidents. They cause at least 15,000 U.S. deaths each year, and, are suspected of causing many more, notably in auto accidents where there are multiple injuries.

No Symptoms. At the Third International Congress of Neurological Surgery, just concluded in Copenhagen, doctors from all over the world reported with alarm on the difficulty of diagnosing head injuries. "Among the problems," said Baltimore's Dr. A. Earl Walker, "is that one-third of all patients suffering from blood clots inside the skull have no symptoms of them. We have developed highly technical means of determining whether there is a blood clot, and then locating it, but this needs expensive equipment which is not generally available, as well as expert personnel. It can't be done in every small town. But we suggest that centers be set up and kept open 24 hours a day with these facilities."

One of the newer detection methods is echo-encephalography, working on the same principle as sonar. When sound waves are bounced in and out of the head and converted into a light pattern, the neurologist can see whether the brain has been shoved to one side by blood or a clot. Injections of radioactive dye also help X rays to show whether arteries have been displaced or damaged enough to deprive part of the brain of its blood supply. Even using these techniques, doctors do not always discover everything.

Treacherous Crash. How elusive damage can be is shown by the case of a garageman, cited by Neurosurgeon Arthur Winter of East Orange, N.J. The young mechanic was hit on the

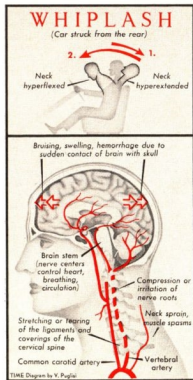
MEDICINE

head when a car slipped off a jack, but he did not become unconscious or even dizzy, went right back at work underneath the car. That evening he lost his dinner and seemed dazed. At the hospital, no mark was found on the skull, so surgeons had to drill holes in it and search for the trouble. They discovered a mass of blood and drained it. The mechanic eventually recovered his mental alertness but, four years later, he still has only limited use of his right arm.

Post-mortem studies show that, with prompt detection and proper treatment, half of those who die of head injuries could have been saved. Lasting or delayed disability could be similarly reduced, reported Pakistani-born Dr. Ayub K. Ommaya, of the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness at Bethesda, Md. Detection, however, is doubly difficult in the peculiar and treacherous kind of injury known as "whiplash"—the result of the sudden forward-and-backward snapping of the head that is common in rear-end auto accidents.

Invisible Damage. Many neurologists are now convinced that whiplash, without a direct blow on the head and leaving no scratch on the skull, may nevertheless cause bruises and hemorrhages in the brain.

In experiments to determine the effects of the lash, Dr. Ommaya's group of researchers produced whiplash injuries in monkeys. A compressed-air





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gun, fired behind the animals' heads, created the snap movement. The monkeys had been anesthetized before the test, and then were killed painlessly before they could recover consciousness. Autopsies showed that whiplash bruised some of the animals' brains, caused swelling and hemorrhaging. In several cases, it also injured nerve centers in the brain stem that are important in controlling heartbeat, circulation and breathing.

People who have had whiplash accidents sometimes complain of blinding headaches, partial paralysis, dizziness, deafness, blindness—and inability to tolerate alcohol. But because it has been difficult or impossible in most cases to detect physical damage to the brain, lawyers for insurance companies—as well as some doctors—have argued that such symptoms are psychologically induced by the "blow from behind," and are more imaginary than real. Experiments like Dr. Ommaya's go far to confirm the possibility of severe and lasting, though invisible, damage.

PHYSIOLOGY

Which Way Is Up?

To the well-known hazards of the currently glamorous sport of scuba diving, such as Cousteau's "rapture of the deep" and the decompression "bends," a Swedish physician has added another. It is of such deceptive simplicity that it has been generally overlooked. Pressure changes in the middle ear, reports Aviation Physiologist Claes E. G. Lundgren in the *British Medical Journal*, may cause dizziness so severe that the afflicted diver literally does not know which way is up and may swim to the bottom when he wants to head for the surface.

The Swedish doctor was struck by the fact that many diving accidents, some fatal and others near-fatal, could not be explained by the more dramatic dangers to which medical investigators pay most attention. He queried hundreds of Swedish sport divers and found that no less than one-fourth of them had had occasional episodes of vertigo, and a few had it practically every time they dived. Dizziness struck at any depth from six to 100 feet.

Dr. Lundgren believes that the divers most prone to the dangers of dizziness are those who have suffered head colds recently, or severe ear infections even long ago. Head stiffness makes it difficult for anyone to equalize the air pressure in his middle ears with that outside. A decrease in pressure during ascent from the deeps may not be compensated quickly enough—and inequality of pressure in the two ears may upset the sense of balance. In the severe cases reported to Lundgren, some divers said that the surface or the bottom of the sea appeared to tilt at an odd angle, then rotate slowly and even start spinning rapidly. An obvious warning: people who have just had colds should avoid diving.

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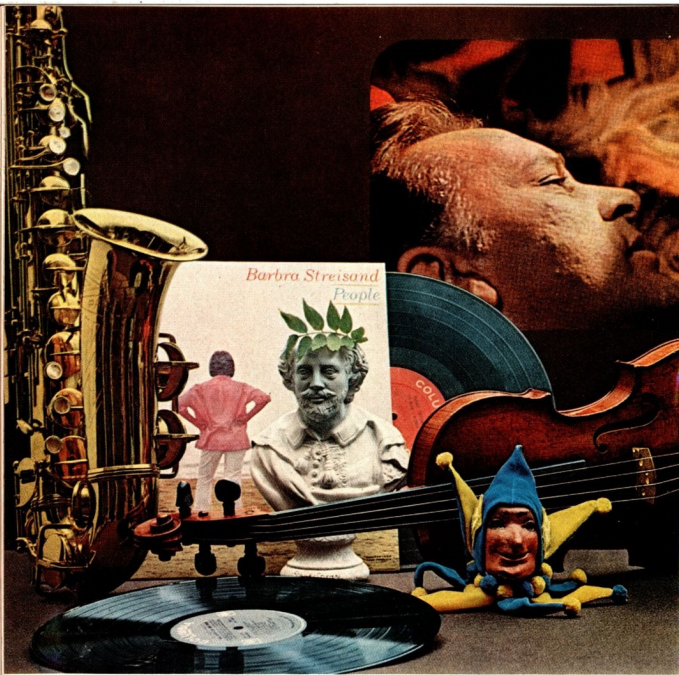
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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Filmways present Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Eva Marie Saint in Martin Ransohoff's production, "The Sandpiper." Panavision and Metro Color.



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A lot of new things are happening at Union Carbide. Another

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SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

The 007 Girls

Here come the Jane Bonds. Any student of movie mentality could have predicted the reasoning. There was James, devastatingly male, totally urbane, and knocking enemies and audiences dead. So why not his girl counterpart, devastatingly female, totally urbane, etc.

There are three conspicuous ones, and an uncounted number of minor imitations. Most unlikely is Italy's Monica Vitti, an intellectual type seen as a brooding nymph in *The Red Desert*. In a new British production, Vitti is Modesty Blaise of London comic-strip fame. Modesty has retired at 26 from the international smuggling racket to become a sort of freelance girl Friday for the British Secret Service. Armed with blouse-button bombs, cigarette lighters that turn out to be miniature flame throwers, and lipstick that untelephones into a deadly arrow, Modesty outbombs and outshoots everybody, including that archcriminal Dirk Bogarde.

Twin Pistols. After being She in M-G-M's 106-minute movie that seems like 2,000 years, *Dr. No's* bikini girl, Ursula Andress, is back in happy Bondland. But now she has qualified for her own license to kill in a wacky movie called *The Tenth Victim*. It opens in a weird, cubistic New York nightclub, where Ursula is bumping, grinding and stripping down to her glittering silver and green bikini. A Chinese brandishing a .45 automatic rushes at her, but Ursula is the fastest bra in town. Bang-bang, she has fired her twin pistols, whose small round muzzles protrude from her brassiere like iron nipples. As the Chinese slumps, Ursula coolly bends her head to blow the smoke away. Then off she goes in hot pursuit across New York, around Rome's Colosseum and Ostia beach to get her tenth victim, none other than Marcello Mastroianni.

A third European Jane is Italy's Rossana Podesta, who appears in *The Seven Golden Men* as a member of an international gang of bank robbers. In a Goldfingerish effort to rob the vaults of Geneva's Union de Banques Suisses, she is a glowing decoy, dressed in a luminescent lace leotard and equipped with a lipstick microphone, a powder-case television eye, and a sapphire clip that turns out to be a two-way radio.

Mixed-Up Hormones. Hollywood's Jane Bond entry is Israeli Actress Gila Golan in *Our Man Flint*. She is the chief operative of a sinister, SMERSH-type organization named Galaxy, which is bent on ruling the world. Gila is not hipped on personal combat, prefers to smear up the opposition with time bombs hidden in cold-cream jars. The most nonviolent Jane is Diane Cilento, the real-life Mrs. James Bond—or Mrs. Sean Connery to the literal-minded. In *Once*



PODESTA



ANDRESS & VICTIM



VITTI

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Upon a Tractor, a TV special promoting the U.N., she jumps on the Bondwagon with a chase across several mythical countries, disguising herself as a soldier with brown wig and handle-bar mustache, leaping off a pier into the Tiber River—all to elude villains long enough to plead a cause before the U.N.

The real James Bond would have had no use for any one of them. He liked his girls dependent. As he observed in *Goldfinger*, women of the Jane Bond type are simply "unhappy sexual misfits—barren and full of frustrations, girls whose hormones have got mixed up."

Burton, Burton,

Smith's Got the Burtons

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf? Not high-minded Smith College. Despite the unflattering references to the fictional school in Edward Albee's hit play ("Musical beds is the faculty sport here"), Smith is allowing Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton the run of the campus for exteriors in the screen version of *Virginia Woolf*. Explained a Smith official: "As an educational institution we didn't feel we could conscientiously bar them from our premises." A Northampton chamber of commerce official was also unafraid: "We're glad to cooperate with business people, real craftsmen who say they expect to spend \$150,000 here, all told."

FAIRS

Gold in Them Thar Hills

When Crooner Andy Williams canceled an engagement in Las Vegas last summer to play the state-fair circuit, the supposition was that he had just won an uncontested divorce from his senses, or that he ought to start proceedings against his agent. After all, Vegas, that bonanza city of the show world, would have paid him \$50,000 a week. And what could he make from the likes of the Corn Palace Fair in Mitchell, S.D.? As it turned out: \$70,500 in six days.

So this season, without even a feel-

er to Vegas, Williams has whirled past more fairgrounds than Astronauts Cooper and Conrad ever did. In fact, the state-fair circuit has become an unpublishable gold mine of show business. Not for everyone. The star of the fair circuit must be folksy, decent, not-putting-on-airs, and never, never step out of character. Williams is the circuit's ideal singer, Tennessee Ernie Ford its ideal comic, Liberace its favorite pianist, Lawrence Welk its ideal bandleader. And any star of any TV western is boffo—provided he never lets on he is only an actor pretending to be a cowboy. Says Agent Mike North, the Huk of the hinterlands: "You couldn't give away Bob Goulet, Frank Sinatra, or Dean Martin. And Danny Kaye and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* would also bomb." But those who can make it, make it big. Like, say, \$15,000 a night.

Dog Acts. Ten summers ago, the fairs were paying the stars only a quarter that much—if they were booking stars at all. Most of the fairs made do with just acrobats and dog acts and perhaps a kick line of local chorus girls. Sometimes the whole show was included in the dollar-odd price of admission, right along with the exhibition barns and the competition sheds full of fancy needlework and loganberry jam. At other fairs, an additional couple of dollars per head were charged for the grandstand entertainment, but it was usually a loss leader.

The Ohio State Fair, which had been running the grandstand in the red for years, dropped \$80,000 in 1956 and was about to give up. But it was talked into gambling one last time the following year—with Roy Rogers. Rogers, gambling himself, signed a no-guarantee contract, giving the fair the first \$10,000 and 25% of the rest. He left town with \$84,000. That was the big breakthrough for big-name headliners at the fairs. In time, Rogers was bringing in so much profit that his take ranged up to \$234,000 for ten nights at the Wisconsin State Fair in 1958.

But the fair circuit also imposes its conditions. Even between shows, the



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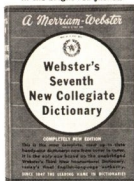
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headliner is always on. He can count on being greeted by the mayor, booked to attend a P.T.A. lunch, scheduled to address the Lions' Club. The most conscientious, like Ernie Ford, spend off-hours playing the local children's hospital, old folks' home, and perhaps the jail. There are command performances at shopping centers and interviews with every 1-kw. disk jockey in the county. And the stars' best chance to relax—the private parties local functionaries are always thrusting upon them—are off limits to Mike North's clients. "You can't win," he advises. "If you don't

ROBERT LAVELLE



FESTUS AND DOC IN INDIANA

"My cousin's so tall she hunts geese with a rake."

drink, you're a snob, and if you do, you're a gutter drunk."

Hoss Sense. At all times, the star must stick to his public character. A TV cowboy or country musician does not, if he is wise, roll into town behind a screaming police escort or in a chauffeured limousine. The touring cast of the *Beverly Hillbillies* cannily commandeers the town's oldest car for its infield entrance. Jim Nabors, trained as an operatic baritone before he took on the title role in *Gomer Pyle*, cost the gate an estimated 10% by trying to sing classical arias at the Shelby County (Iowa) Fair in July. And Lorne Green's Shakespearean parody of one of his own *Bonanza* scripts—"That which we call a Hoss by any other name would smell as sweet"—fell prairie-flat at the Illinois State Fair last month.

The fair audiences, in fact, do not want to see a talented fellow who can impersonate anybody. They want to meet Bat Masterson; they are not interested in an actor called Gene Barry, who happens to be a Jewish boy from Brooklyn. When a youthful fan at Canada's Calgary Stampede handed him a snare drum, and asked "Would you sign this, Bat?", Barry snapped: "My name is Gene Barry," and bashed his gold-headed Bat Masterson cane right

through the head of the drum. He was not asked back.

Big Foot. But the performers willing and able to play along drown in the gravy. Among the kings of the circuit this year are *Gunslinger's* Ken (Festus) Curtis and Milburn (Doc) Stone, who drew 225,000 fans in a week at Billings, Mont. (pop. 62,000) and, at the Kitsap County (Wash.) Fair—with the local impresario's job riding on the outcome—doubled the best previous gross. "We'll be singing and jawing at each other and having a time as big as my foot," announces Festus as they

RICHARD E. GARTLEY



ANDY WILLIAMS & TROUPE IN OHIO

reach each town. Which means declining nary a radio interview and likely, after the show, laying a plank across a couple of sawhorses to sign autographs for up to two hours.

Their show is relentlessly in character. Festus gives his goose call. Doc up and says, "My cousin's so tall she hunts geese with a rake." The delivery is always slow-motion ("You can't Bob Hope 'em," says Stone) and fair-circuit clean. About as daring as they got at the Indiana State Fair last week was the routine in which Festus reported, "I've got 'seenus' trouble." "You mean sinus," corrected Doc. "No," rejoined Festus, "I was out with a pretty little girl last night and her husband seen us."

NIGHTCLUBS

The Dying Pan

His style of comedy would, on someone else, be labeled deadpan. But Jackie Vernon's pan is not dead; it is dying, painfully, by degrees.

For a long while the pain was real; persistent obscurity, cancellations when his act bombed, endless bouncing from cellar to dive in search of a sympathetic audience. At last he found one. Its name was Steve Allen, who caught Vernon's act in Canada and booked him for

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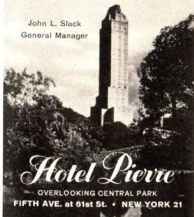
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his TV show. After Allen came Jack Paar, Ed Sullivan, *Hootenanny*—and success. Last week Vernon fans gathered at Manhattan's Hotel Plaza to pay homage to their anti-hero—the first stand-up comic to play the staid Persian Room in 4½ years.

Vernon, now 36, is the classic loser. His act, always in the same minor key, begins with an apology: "I'm only doing this because I couldn't get a job in my regular line of work. I'm a Viking." He lugubriously narrates his biography: "My grandfather was an old Yugoslavian guerrilla fighter. My grandmother was an old Yugoslavian guerrilla. My family was so underprivileged we used to get food from Europe. Finally I was adopted by a Korean family."

Things got no better with age. What-

DAVID GAIR



VERNON AT THE PLAZA

And then his watermelon passed away.

ever he did offended somebody. On breadlines he asked for toast. When President Johnson declared war on poverty, he went out and threw a hand grenade at a beggar. To lose weight he started eating saccharin—and got artificial diabetes. He fell in love with a promiscuous girl, so promiscuous she became a hostess in an alley.

At last, perking up enough to look defeated, he recites his efforts to Strike Back: "I wrote Rx on windows of Christian Science Reading Rooms, sent calendars to lifers, scrawled the Star of David on Volkswagens. I carried placards, BAN THE BOMB, BRING BACK MUSTARD GAS." Nothing helped. At last, lonely and morose, he sought the companionship of a watermelon. "I figured if things didn't work out I could always eat it." But the watermelon died. And he was left alienated once again.

Vernon's miseries will be worth \$100,000 this year. And future bookings are pouring in. Still, Vernon is taking no chances, planning no new routines. "I've been a real loser too long," he says. "I'm sticking with failure. It's been good to me."

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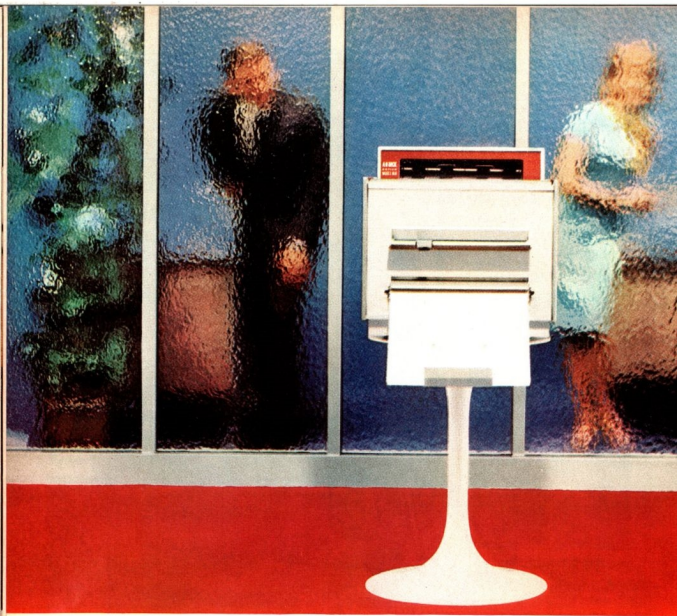
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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

The Conquering Copyreader

"The newspaper copyreader," wrote the late New York Herald Tribune City Editor Stanley Walker, "doubtless deserves better from fate than he has received. He is completely anonymous. His job usually is monotonous. His deft touches with a pencil may raise a story out of the ordinary, but it is the handsome, much-publicized reporter who gets the credit. The copyreader sits on the rim of the horseshoe desk, does his stint, and then goes home."

Copyreader Robert Manry, 48, went

PHIL TERPIL



MANRY & MAYOR LOCHER

He who manicures news can also make it.

home to Cleveland last week, and proved that a man who manicures the news can also make it. Back from his high adventure—crossing the Atlantic in 78 days in his 131-ft. sloop, the *Tinkerbelle*—Manry was given a Cleveland reception that few celebrities and no other copyreaders have received. Ohio Governor James Rhodes greeted him and his family at the airport, praised him as "the epitome of dedication and devotion to sailing." His wife wept. A motorcade took him to Cleveland's Public Square, where he was met by 3,000 well-wishers, many of them sporting blue and white Manry buttons passed out by his newspaper, the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Manry was welcomed by Ohio Senator Frank Lausche and Cleveland Mayor Ralph Locher. The mayor handed him the key to the city and hailed his "courage and faith." Fifteen hundred people crowded into the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel for a luncheon in his honor. Said Plain Dealer Publisher Tom Vail: "Here is a man who is not afraid to back up his dreams with action."

What did Manry's fellow copyreaders

think of his sudden leap out of anonymity? "He was here when I arrived five years ago," said one, "and quite honestly, I never did know much about him until this happened."

At a press conference, Manry said that he plans to go back to the copy desk but has no intention of letting fame slip by. Besides writing articles for the paper on his voyage, he will turn out a book. The title, he added, will not be *The Old Manry and the Sea*.

Obituary in Atlanta

Died. The Atlanta Times, 14-month-old daily launched by Georgia's ex-U.S. Congressman James C. Davis to boost segregation and fight what he called "radicalism"; of poor circulation (less than 75,000 v. an expected 125,000), debilitating losses (\$3,000,000), and conspicuous lack of advertising support from Atlanta's big department stores, which despite threatening phone calls from Times fans, remained loyal to the city's well-established newspapers, the jointly owned Constitution and Journal, both of which have helped make Atlanta the most integrated city of the South.

REPORTERS

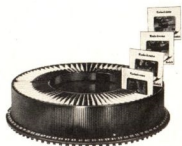
The Diva & the Orangutans

Even more than tenors who try to upstage her, Diva Joan Sutherland dislikes reporters who crowd her. Last week La Stupenda, as her fans call her, hit a low note in her relations with the press. Arriving at Sydney airport for her first concert in her native city in 14 years, she was distressed to see that photographers were waiting. Commanded the coloratura: "Get those people away from here." Her husband-manager, Richard Bonyne, followed with a backhanded swing at a photographer's camera and smashed the flashbulb.

Later, Joan and husband showed up at a Sydney restaurant for a press reception. Before anyone could ask a question, Bonyne delivered a shrill lecture: "I will not allow myself and my wife to be persecuted by orangutans of the press," he shouted. "We have been most vexatiously wearied by the impertinence of photographers at the airport, when we had given firm instructions that the press was not to know of our arrival. We do not believe in the divine right of the press."

For a moment the press was speechless. Then one reporter mumbled: "You're carrying on a bit much, aren't you mate?" At that, Joan and husband stormed out, followed by the frantic restaurant manager. He had spent most of the day whipping up a special fish sauce for Joan that he said was "comparable to the peach Melba, the tribute to that other Australian soprano, Dame Nellie Melba." The manager fell to his knees on the sidewalk, kissed Joan's hand and begged her to return. She

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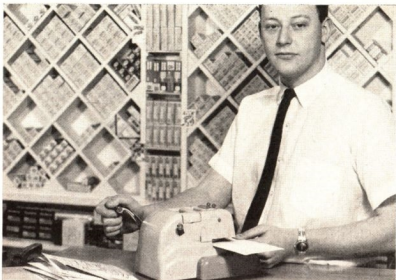


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SUTHERLAND & HUSBAND IN AUSTRALIA
Real swinger, with his fist.

went back after some hesitation, then tried to laugh away the incident by mimicking orangutans shelling peanuts at the zoo. Richard was still sullen. "You should realize that my wife is not a rock 'n' roller or a pop singer but the queen of song."

COLUMNISTS

Bishop & the Dictator

Everybody is entitled to his opinion—but in the eyes of many editors, Columnist and Author (*The Day Christ Died*) Jim Bishop was voicing some very peculiar opinions last week. Bishop took a two-week vacation in sunny Haiti, where an especially brutal dictatorship dishes out voodoo, terror and death. In five columns distributed to 159 newspapers by Hearst's King Features, Bishop wrote as if he were in a delightful if somewhat seedy country of racial harmony, fiscal integrity, health and peace.

To Bishop, Dictator François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier was "honest" and "intelligent." Commenting on last year's carefully supervised election, in which Papa Doc stood alone on the ballot, Bishop wrote: "The Haitians liked him so well that they elected him President for life. This was not a spurious, rigged election. He could call one tomorrow and win easily." Bishop was equally impressed by the dictator's secret police, the *tonton macoute*: They "comprise a personal force whose function is to keep President Duvalier acquainted with the true temper of the people."

This was a bit much for many newspapers. The Miami Herald dropped one column, in which the editors counted what they considered to be several errors of fact or judgment, and heavily edited two others. Other papers—the Milwaukee Sentinel, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Cleveland Press and Philadelphia Bulletin—decided against running at least three of the columns.



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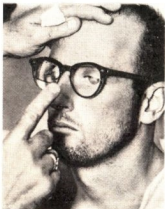
SCIENCE

SPACE

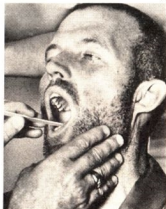
Man Is Moon-Rated

Like any round-the-world travelers, Gemini 5 Astronauts Gordon Cooper and Charles Conrad took some pictures to show the folks back home. The first photos released last week made a spectacular space travelogue, exceptionally clear and well-defined. From more than 150 miles up, the astronauts were able to get detailed shots of the launch pads at Cape Kennedy, the sharp relief of mountains and deserts, and incredible sights of underwater coral reefs (see color pages). The more than 1,000 pictures that they took with four cameras* demonstrated anew the potential of space photography for scientific and military applications.

Some of Gemini's pictures of East



EYE TEST FOR CONRAD



THROAT TEST FOR COOPER

Poke, prod, probe—but still in "wonderful shape."

Africa and the Middle East gave geologists a broad overview of rift-valley systems produced by faulting in the earth's crust. Other pictures, each encompassing hundreds of square miles, will be useful to oceanographers studying ocean depths, underwater formations and ice floes. By taking selective color shots, Gemini did far better than the Tiros weather satellites, which photograph indiscriminately and only in black and white.

Goof on the Ground. In other technical areas, Gemini had at least one negative aspect. Instead of touching down last week within sight of the carrier *Lake Champlain* as planned, the astronauts fell short by 103 miles. Investigators at the Manned Spaceflight Center in Houston soon traced the trouble: human error on the ground, not

in space. One of the controllers at Houston had fed incorrect information to the big computer system on the ground, which in turn relayed the wrong re-entry calculations to the shoe-box-sized computer aboard Gemini 5. Said Howard W. Tindall Jr., mission-planning and analysis officer at Houston: "After all, it's only our second try at controlling re-entry. We'll prove yet that it can be done."

The astronauts themselves withstood the strains of flight and re-entry splendidly. Though they had been cramped into a half-sitting, half-lying position for eight days, they managed to do a couple of deep knee bends in the pickup helicopter, hopped nimbly onto the deck of the *Lake Champlain* and walked without wobbling. NASA doctors aboard the aircraft carrier probed

was the astronauts' significant weight loss. Cooper weighed in for lift-off at 152 lbs., returned 73 lbs. lighter; Conrad started out at 154 lbs., finished 81 lbs. lighter. The astronauts ate only 2,000 calories a day, compared with the 2,700 calories provided for them—but then, neither of them is a heavy eater. Dehydration? Though both astronauts drank six pints of liquid daily—which would seem to preclude the possibility of dehydration—doctors figured that there must be some still unknown factors in space flight that do dehydrate man. Within 48 hours after their return, Cooper was back to his normal weight and Conrad not far behind.

Tilt Test. Among the most encouraging post-flight medical findings was the almost total absence of any symptoms of orthostatic hypotension—a condition that could result from weightlessness and lead to an increase in the heart rate, coupled with a sharp drop in blood pressure. Doctors have always feared that this could cause the spacemen to faint under the high G forces of re-entry. But Cooper and Conrad stayed alert during both the re-entry and the many post-flight tests. Every day the astronauts were strapped prone to a tilt table, then swung rapidly into a vertical position. The sudden jolt induces symptoms of orthostatic hypotension. The doctors wanted to see how long it took for the astronauts' systems to recover from the jolt, and to compare this with the length of time it took in pre-flight tests. Time after time, the astronauts withstood the test without blacking out. After only five tests, their recovery rates had returned to normal.

The flight and the tests supported what Gemini's chief surgeon, Dr. Charles A. Berry, has insisted right along: the human body is extraordinarily adaptable. With care and preparation, man can adjust to the exigencies and demands of space. From their first examinations, doctors could find no reason to fear for the safety of the astronauts on next year's Gemini 7 mission, or on more adventurous flights later on. Said Dr. Berry: "We've qualified man to go to the moon."

ELECTRONICS

Up-to-the-Minute Picture

Minutes after they reached the deck of the *Lake Champlain*, Astronauts Cooper and Conrad were seen, bearded and smiling, on TV screens across the nation. The images were not live TV pickups, which were not feasible due to technical difficulties. But they were the next best thing: still pictures transmitted almost instantly.

At first the TV screen turned all grey. Then the image took shape, teasingly, as if appearing from behind a slow-parting curtain that moved from left to right. While faint beep-beep-beeps were heard in the background, the picture grew in a series of vertical lines.

the astronauts' ears, looked down their throats, poked their chests, listened to their hearts, poked their pulse, sampled their blood and made scores of other medical measurements. The first medical findings: the astronauts were in "wonderful shape."

One Way to Diet. On the day after splash-down, they were flown to Cape Kennedy to begin eleven days of even more intensive physical checkups and debriefings. The exams showed that Cooper and Conrad were not so fatigued as the men of the four-day Gemini 4. For one reason, the Gemini 5 astronauts were able to get six or seven hours of sleep daily after the first few crucial days. When they slept in orbit, their heartbeats dropped to the high 30s. As they maneuvered their spacecraft and performed experiments, the beats rose to the 60s and 70s, which is about normal for them on earth. During the critical retro-fire sequence before splash-down, their hearts raced to the highest of the eight days—180. Still, no ill effects.

One finding that mystified the doctors

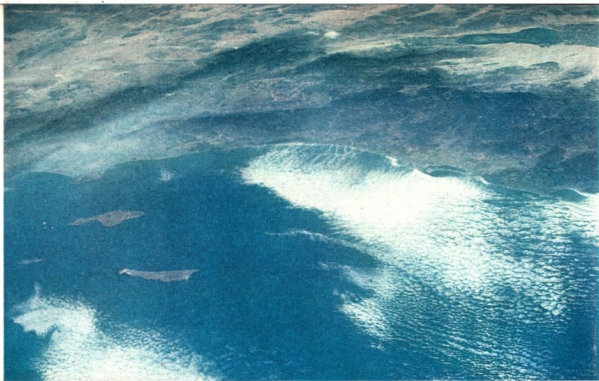
* A Zeiss Ikon Contarex with 200-mm. f.4 lens and a modified Questar telescopic lens (equal to a 50-in. telescope); a Hasselblad 500-C with Zeiss 70-mm. lens; a Widelux panoramic camera for photographing horizons; and a 16-mm. movie camera specially built by McDonnell Aircraft.

THE VIEW FROM GEMINI 5



FLORIDA PENINSULA, snapped by astronauts, stretches south beneath puffs of clouds. On tip of bulge at left is Cape

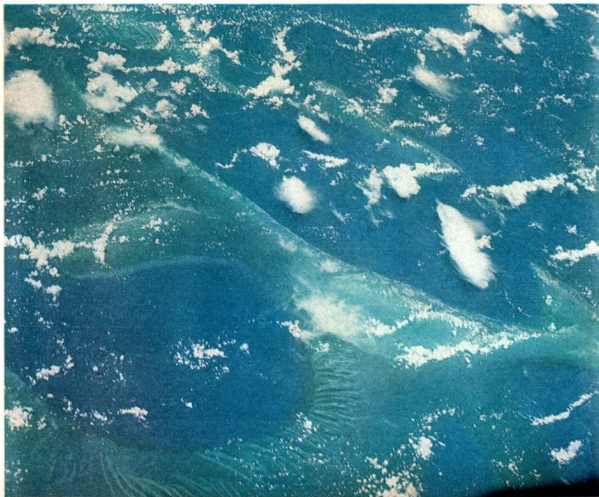
Kennedy, where the eight-day flight began. The Bahama Islands are at upper left, part of capsule is at lower left.



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NASC

CALIFORNIA COAST from Los Angeles at left to San Diego at right includes Catalina and San Clemente islands. Inland are Mojave Desert (*left*), Salton Sea (*right*).

GREAT BAHAMA BANK, southeast of Andros Island, stands out with unusual clarity. Underwater formations, varying depths of water are clear from about 150 miles.



In less than a minute, the picture was whole. For the first time on network television, still photographs were transmitted by a process called Videx.

Developed by International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., Videx is essentially an adaptation of the "slow-scan" process used in closed-circuit television and to send television pictures from space.

A videon tube, much like a standard TV camera tube, "sees" the picture or other photographable object. The tube stores the image in the form of a pattern of varying intensities of light and dark. This pattern is then scanned by an electron beam, which registers the value of the light intensities, from white

from branches to the main office for verification. The U.S. Weather Bureau sends weather maps and charts by Videx. The military has it too, but keeps the secrecy lid on its use.

PHYSICS

Finding the Natural Neutrino

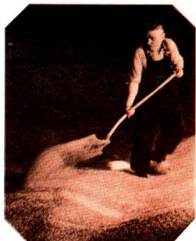
In the depths of a South African gold mine, scientists have snared some strange cosmic ghosts that could be the basic stuff of the universe. They are the first natural neutrinos ever detected.

A neutrino is the most elusive and mysterious of the some 30 known particles of energy scattered by the splitting of the atom. For more than two decades the neutrino was known only in theory. It has no electric charge or mass of its own. It travels at the speed of light, can penetrate matter equal to 100 million miles of lead without being stopped. Billions of neutrinos bombard each square centimeter of the earth's surface every second; but every one of them eluded scientists until 1956. Then physicists detected the first neutrinos in the debris from man-made nuclear reactions. But scientists still could not capture natural neutrinos.

Finally one of the co-detectors of man-made neutrinos, Dr. Frederick Reines of Cleveland's Case Institute of Technology, came up with a successful method. Near Johannesburg, he went to work in a 10,492-ft.-deep chamber, which he knew would shield out nearly all radiation from the surface except the deep-penetrating neutrinos. He lined the sides of the chamber with 36 containers of common mineral oil. Then he waited for an expected reaction of several stages: 1) the neutrinos hit atomic nuclei in the rock surrounding the chamber; 2) this interaction generated particles called mu-mesons; 3) the mu-mesons penetrated the mineral oil; 4) this caused tiny flashes of light called scintillations. On a 20-ton scintillation detector, Reines registered the scintillations, which he knew were caused originally by neutrinos.

In *Physical Review Letters*, Reines reported that he and a team of Case Institute and South African scientists detected seven natural neutrinos—not many, but a hopeful beginning. These neutrinos, each of which registered energies well in excess of 10 billion electron volts, presumably were produced by the interaction of primary cosmic rays with the earth's atmosphere. Except for their superhigh energies, the natural neutrinos appeared to be about the same as those created by man.

Now that physicists know how to detect neutrinos, they should be able to gain a deeper understanding of the complex nature of energy and matter. They are eager to test their many theories about neutrinos, especially the one that the tiny particles may be "ashes" left by the disintegration of ordinary matter—or possibly a basic component in the creation of all matter.



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IMAGE TAKING SHAPE



COMPLETED IMAGE

It also spots bad checks.

to grey to black. The electronic signal is next transmitted by radio or ordinary telephone line to a receiving screen.

TV cameramen on the *Lake Champlain* used Polaroid cameras to snap the pictures that were scanned by Videx. Each picture was scanned for 40 seconds; each frame consisted of 400 vertical lines, compared with the 525 horizontal lines of ordinary TV images. The pictures were transmitted by radio from the ship to Long Island, thence by telephone lines to Houston, where the TV networks were waiting with their receiving equipment. The beeping heard by the TV audience was the sound of the Videx signals.

Unlike regular TV, Videx does not require line-of-sight transmission, and it uses more compact equipment than ordinary TV. Banks are already employing the system to flash check signatures



CHICAGO'S WELLS STREET
Soup's On and other Little Pleasures at The Bag I'm In.

THE CITY

A New Time for Old Town

At the end of World War II, the Old Town area of Chicago was a dilapidated slum that was home to a lot of poor Negroes and Puerto Ricans but a pox on the face of the city. Set on the north side of the city just 20 blocks from the Loop, the neighborhood still had its solid old houses with the high-Victorian flare that had been built in the 1880s. But the solid burghers who built them had long since moved to the suburbs. And decay had left the streets lined with seedy bars and sleeping bums.

Today, Old Town's streets are lined with just about everything else. In a self-generated renaissance, a new batch of Old Towners have made their neighborhood at once one of Chicago's most attractive residential areas and the city's new top entertainment center. "It's like Greenwich Village in New York, only very much better," says one admirer. "Greenwich Village has gotten too garish. Old Town is less jammed together and touristy. I think artists really live there." So do lawyers, doctors, publishers, ad men and all manner of confirmed city dwellers who want a bit of backyard and individuality along with the common comforts of home.

Song to a Scream. The change came from inside—with no help from any government or urban-renewal project. It began in 1948, when a few homeowners formed a neighborhood association and started sprucing themselves up. Others were shamed into following suit. In 1950 the association started an art fair, and the patrons it attracted noticed the neighborhood. There were the sturdy old houses just waiting to be worked on, and the prices were right. One artist, for instance, found a house for \$4,000. All that was needed was a lot of energy and some money to put into renovations.

Any kind of renovations. It was not so important what, just so long as some-

MODERN LIVING

thing was done. Old toilet bowls moved onto patios and sprouted flowers; louvered windows, coach lamps and marble fireplaces became standard. An enterprising young real estate man bought up some houses, ripped the plaster down to the bare brick, added odds and ends picked up at demolition sites and secondhand stores and resold his properties at profits handsome enough to make him a millionaire.

Individual owners added original touches, too, and a tour of the homes jammed into the triangle of Old Town would turn up hand-carved wooden doors, airy fretwork porotics and everywhere gardens—gardens with roses, gardens with grinning stone cherubs, gardens with piping-satyr fountains.

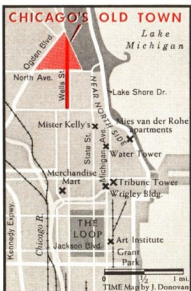
Last year alone, home-improvement spending in the triangle ran between \$600,000 and \$800,000, according to federal estimates. In the last ten years the price of real estate has actually quadrupled—from a song to a high-pitched scream of disbelief. Nevertheless, there is still an apparently endless waiting list of people who are anxious to buy.

The Gaudy & Giddy. More recent is Old Town's transformation into the liveliest place in town of an evening. The after-dark activity is centered on twelve blocks of Wells Street, which cuts through the heart of the Old Town triangle (see map). First attracted by the neighborhood, young entrepreneurs in the past four years have built Wells into a concentrated area of shops, nightclubs and restaurants.

They have names like The Bag I'm In, a leather goods store, Snug, a bar which is, and Little Pleasures, an ice cream and sweets parlor. Soup's On is a restaurant offering a big bowl of the stuff, a hunk of French bread and coffee for a buck, while Chances R and its sister restaurant across the street (called Across the Street) push a ton of hamburger and give away half a ton of peanuts every week.

A browser on Wells can find everything from sandals to a potty screen for discreet cats (\$8). Top jazzmen pull their gigs at The Plugged Nickel and, a few doors down, the hippest folksters fill up cavernous Mother Blues. At the end of the street is the famed Second City, the satiric improvisational theater. And in the next three months, some 32 new places are firmly scheduled to add themselves to the present 110 establishments.

During this summer season, the best ever, as many as 20,000 people a night have drifted up and down Wells trying to sort the clip joints from the first-rate, the gaudy from the genuinely giddy. In fact, that is Old Town's only problem: how to keep the gold-rush



Chesterfield People:

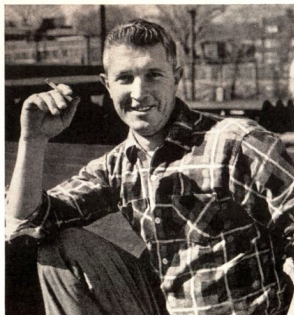
They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



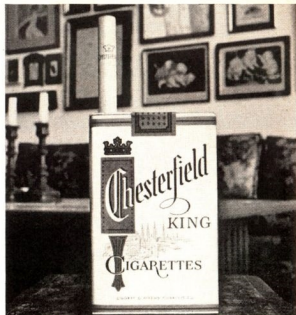
Richard Brown is with a brokerage firm in New York



Jeanne Sully is a fashion designer in California



Edward R. Sullivan is foreman of a waterworks in Massachusetts



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atmosphere under control. The Wells Street Association frowns on neon and flashing signs and is trying to get rid of barkers and sidewalk displays. One sidewalk guy can stay, though. Wells Street and Old Town would hardly be the same without their genuine mustachioed Italian hurdy-gurdy man.

FASHION

The New Beat

Not so long ago she might have got by with illustrious bones, a rumor of a bosom, reliable cosmetics, and a stomach that could settle on Ry-Krisp and yoghurt, but fashions in fashion models change. These days the girl who can't perform a mean frug might just as well turn in her hatbox. It's a cinch

old England. As a matter of fact, the package had been tied up and delivered by Mary Quant, who at 31 is the dean of Britain's new-wave designers. Says she: "The music and the new clothes are inseparable."

At Manhattan's Arnold Constable, the show belonged to Caroline Charles, one of the dozen young designers of the "Chelsea Revolution" whose presumptuous styles have forced even the London fog to lift. Backed by the wailing beat and flanked by dancers in fish-net stockings, the Charles collection mesmerized a series of teen-age audiences. And music, as sales figures testify, has something to do with fashion. Said Caroline, to the rhythmic sound of amplified guitars: "Dig one, you're bound to dig the other."



FASHIONS AT MANHATTAN'S ARNOLD CONSTABLE
Kickiest thing since the trampoline.

that she will never make the scene.

For across the country, from department stores in Manhattan to a suburban shopping center in Virginia to a shop in Los Angeles, the rock 'n' roll fashion show is the kickiest thing to come along since the trampoline lost its bounce. In Manhattan last week, anybody who was anybody was not at Arthur (where the sound was the same) but on the rooftop of staid old Best & Co.

There, the visceral rhythms of rock 'n' roll were moving and shaking a fashion show. The music came from four swinging platinum blondes from New Jersey who called themselves The Skunks and turned out to be guys. The models frugged, swam, and monkeyed down the aisle. Surprising? Even more surprising was what happened next: the show sold a lot of dresses. And the biggest surprise of all is that the whole game of a package had not been dreamed up in the pop-happy U.S. but in austere

RECREATION

God Save the Ace

Outside, there was a chilly London night. Inside a Georgia accent interrupted the click of chips and slap of cards. "Hey, Doc, you got a winning pill?" Doc looked back across the table. His reply was short and savage: "I'd be taking it myself." Then Doc turned back to the blackjack table. He lost \$240 in the next four minutes.

Doc and his friend were two of 178 Americans who arrived in London last week from Atlanta on a gambling junket. They had come partly because they had never been to London and partly because, after Las Vegas, London has become the biggest gambling center in the world. So big, in fact, that a few clubs can now afford the Vegas gambit of flying in big gamblers, most expenses paid, and count on making a profit from the money their guests lose.

The Atlanta group got a week in

London at a top hotel with all their meals, plus a round-trip jet charter flight. It cost them just \$250 each. The Victoria Sporting Club picked up the rest of the tab. As with the three other Victoria-sponsored junkets this summer, that came to around \$60,000, but the Americans have evidently been generous losers. "So far," purrs one official, "we have managed to come out ahead."

"The House Won." Gambling on a large scale in London is less than five years old, dating from an act of Parliament in 1960 that made legal most forms of gambling for money—in a private club—for the first time in 100 years. The law specified that games played must not have odds favoring the house. So, paying at least lip service to the rule, the bank at roulette and craps and the deal at blackjack are offered to players (although in practice, few individuals feel rich enough to play against the whole table). The clubs, instead of taking a cut of winnings, charge membership fees that range from \$1.40 to \$115 (depending on how "exclusive" the club), and playing fees collected before a game begins. A single "shoe" at Chemin de Fer or Baccarat, for instance, costs a player from \$1.40 on up to the whopping \$1,680 charged for one high-stake game at Aspinall's.

The arrival of the freewheeling, sports-shirted American is really what has put London into the international big time. Reports Victoria Owner George Wynberg: "This summer we had what I think was the biggest blackjack hand ever dealt in the world—\$26,500. The dealer dealt himself a three, and all the Americans doubled and split their bets. None of them went bust, all pulling out between 17 and 20. The dealer dealt himself a seven and a ten; so the house won, thank God."

The Bloody Game. To accommodate the Americans, craps have made their first appearance in London. At The Pair of Shoes club, one Texan was doing so well recently that he was finally riding \$50,000. "You already own the second and third floors," said the owner, covering the bet. "You might as well own the first too." The Texan rolled an eight and took eleven tense flings before crapping out. Observed another American: "The dice get as cold here as they do anywhere else."

But Americans like the idea of London, with its big, swanky clubs with ancient gaming names like Crockett's, which first cut a deck in 1824. "We are looking for an elegance that does not exist in the States," explained one. "Here bookmakers are rich, respected men. In the States, they are gangsters." Agreed the doctor from Atlanta: "They're better mannered about it, more cultured and genteel-like, but they're really no different from Vegas. The aim of the game is still to bleed you as quickly as they can without actually spilling it on the floor."



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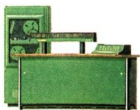
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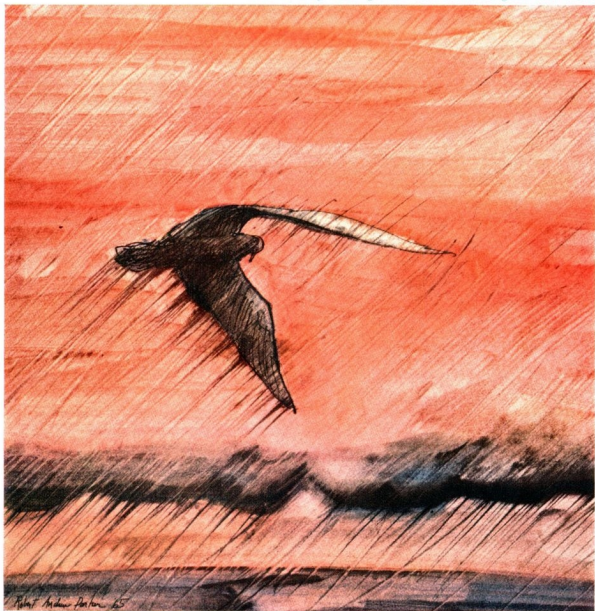


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RELIGION

JEWS

The Lost Leader

"A man who has no wife lives without joy, blessing and good," says the Talmud. Amram Blau might also add: "But be careful of the wife you pick." A 65-year-old widowed Reb, or teacher, and 50 times a grandfather, Blau has been forced to surrender leadership of Jerusalem's ultra-Orthodox sect known as the *Neturei Karta* (Guardians of the City) for the scandal and sin of marrying shy, devout Ruth Ben-David, 45, who is not only a divorced woman but a convert from Catholicism as well.

For more than 40 years, Reb Blau has been revered by his followers in the sect

carefully chaperoned meeting, that Ruth met Reb Blau. Apparently, it was love at first sight. Ruth shyly told the *shadchan*: "I'd be greatly honored if he would accept me as his wife." Blau himself was all for it, but when news of their betrothal got out, members of the *Neturei Karta* were horrified that he should even think of marrying a *shiksa* (Gentile), even if she was a convert who shaved her head and kept it covered in anticipation of the marriage.*

Orthodox women began to picket the Reb's house, shouting "Whore-lover!" and demanding to know why their daughters were not good enough for him. Summoned before the sect's religious court, Blau refused to abandon



RUTH BEN-DAVID



AMRAM BLAU

Shame for the sake of a shaven shiksa.

for his spiritual zeal against the impieties of the age. Time and again he was jailed for trying to halt traffic in Jerusalem's main streets on the Sabbath. Blau even refused to recognize the existence of Israel, on the ground that only the Messiah could restore the Promised Land; he never handled Israeli money or submitted the fiery pamphlets he edited to government censorship.

Resistance Fighter. Two years ago, when Reb Blau's first wife Hinda died, some of the steam went out of the old man's protests. Eventually, some of Blau's disciples decided that what he needed was female companionship. A *shadchan* (marriage broker) knew just the woman—Ruth Ben-David. Her original name was Madeleine Feraille. Born in Calais and Sorbonne-educated, she helped save the lives of several Jews while fighting with the French Resistance during World War II, and became interested in Judaism. Later she converted to Orthodox Judaism, divorced her merchant husband, changed her name, and moved to Jerusalem.

It was there, last year, at a brief,

Ruth because his vow of betrothal to her could not be broken without her consent—something she would never give. Blau also raised a canny theological argument. His sexual organs, he explained, had been injured slightly by shrapnel during the siege of Jerusalem in 1948. Yet the law (*Deuteronomy 23:2*) says that no one who is "crushed or maimed in his privy parts" can marry within the congregation. This meant that he was barred from marrying a Jewess. But, added Blau triumphantly, there was no reason, according to rabbinical commentaries, why he could not wed a convert. "And God," he said proudly, "has sent me a convert."

Righteous Man. Unimpressed by this elaborate reasoning, the judges of the court ordered Blau to break off with Ruth. Instead, he quietly packed his few belongings and, despite his vow never to leave the holy city, fled to the safety of a more tolerant Orthodox commu-

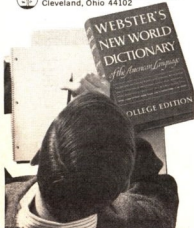
* Female hair supposedly has an erotic effect on men, so pious Orthodox wives traditionally shave their heads and wear kerchiefs or wigs.

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nity near Tel Aviv. There, last week, he and Ruth were married.

Blau has said that he will never return to Jerusalem. It is just as well, since a majority of the *Neturei Karta* bitterly condemns him as a social outcast. But while other elders of the sect are squabbling to see who will replace the lost leader, a loyal handful of Blau's followers pray silently for his return. "In the Talmud," says one, "it is written that a city can breathe only through its righteous man. Now that Amram has left Jerusalem, I cannot sleep at night, for the city is no longer safe."

THE VATICAN COUNCIL

The Fourth Session

Refreshed after a summer's rest, Pope Paul VI last week asked the world's Catholics to pray for the success of the Vatican Council's fourth and probably final session, which begins in Rome Sept. 14. It was a request that the participating bishops could wholeheartedly echo, although perhaps for motives different from the Pope's. After the shattering climax of the third session, when a conservative minority blocked a vote on religious liberty and the Pope overruled the council by unilaterally declaring Mary the Mother of the Church, many leaders could do with a few prayers of support.

More Maneuvers. In all, the 2,500 prelates will have eleven agenda items to deal with. A twice revised schema on the sources of Revelation—a pronouncement that leaves open the question of whether church dogma has its foundation in Scripture alone or in a handed-down tradition as well—is certain to get quick approval, as are shorter documents on seminaries and Christian education. Sure to get eventual approval, too, is a revised declaration on religious liberty, which particularly interests non-Catholic Christians. The document asserts that, as a matter of divine right, "nobody can be forced to act against his own conscience," but it placates wary Italian and Spanish conservatives by allowing that under certain "historical circumstances" special privileges can be granted to a particular church by the state.

The real tests of the council's commitment to renewal, many Catholics believe, are still the schema on "The Church in the Modern World" (Schema 13) and the declaration on non-Christian religions. Probably the most heavily rewritten of all council documents, Schema 13 is forthright on questions of peace and war—it upholds the right of conscientious objection and denounces massive bombing of civilian centers—but it appears evasive and unsure in dealing with marriage, and it says nothing about birth control. The prospect is that it will get further revision. "We could use another year to work on it," says one Latin American bishop on the drafting committee. As for the declaration on non-Christian re-

ligions, Arab nations and Eastern Rite Catholic bishops in the Middle East are still putting strong pressure on the Vatican to excise a statement exonerating Jews from the charge of deicide. But the basic text of that document was overwhelmingly approved during the last days of the third session, and although Vatican observers expect more maneuvers to defeat it, its proclamation is considered a near certainty.

Reduction of Powers. In six months of deliberation so far, the council has approved five documents of varying significance. Transcending even this, however, has been the churchwide quest for further renewal that it has inspired. But the real question, warned Swiss Theologian Hans Küng in *Commonweal* last week, is "After the council, what?" Conservative pressure could easily frus-



POPE PAUL VI
What will happen after?

trate the goals of the council by watering down legislation arising from decrees and by insisting on the narrowest possible application of reformation-aimed documents. To ensure the success of the council, Küng concludes, there must be an internationalization of the conservative-minded Curia, a reduction of its powers, and above all, a new democratically elected senate of bishops to assist the Pope in governing the church.

But the only man who can effect these changes is Pope Paul VI, who has spoken often about Curial reform but done nothing so far to implement it. Some church observers feel that Paul is waiting for the council to end before making his move. Others detect in his recent speeches a strident emphasis on the prerogatives of the papacy, a concern about renewal carried to excess. "It is necessary to deepen the idea of the authority of the church," he warned in July. Thus the always enigmatic aims and purposes of Pope Paul remain the key to the direction and drama of the fourth session—and after.

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ART

STYLES

Squares over Curves

Piet Mondrian's life was dedicated to style. He was the leader, in fact, of the Dutch-centered *De Stijl* movement that began during World War I. For Mondrian, the ascetic ideal of *De Stijl* was renunciation of the physical representation of things. His art was right-angular, asymmetrical, and colored only in the primaries of red, blue and yellow. All lines were straight—for the sake of the spirit. Wrote he: "Natural roundness, in a word, corporeality, gives a purely materialist version of objects." Followers of *De Stijl* designed furniture, built architecture and patterned typography, industrial and household items after its Mondrianesque rules of severity. This year Mondrian's rigid purism has been stretched over shapes more curvilinear than picture frames by Paris Fashion Designers André Courrèges and Yves St. Laurent, with Seventh Avenue copyists tagging along.

The result, however fetching, would probably have turned Mondrian an unprimary shade of purple. Few artists enjoy seeing their paintings turned directly into dresses, let alone Mondrian. A sturdy Dutchman of strict Calvinist origins, he lived like a loner in his

Montparnasse studio, where he could rearrange the pure white walls by moving panels about, colored exactly like his art. "To denaturalize is to deepen," he wrote in 1926, and turned his back on nature.

In his quest for the underlying graphs that to him expressed reality, Mondrian became fascinated with the functional artificiality of the machine esthetic. In human terms, this translated into the Charleston; Mondrian so furiously loved the dance that when the Dutch government banned it he refused to return home. He moved to New York, where the gridlike streets matched the syncopated rhythms of his art in paintings that he titled *Boogie-Woogie*. In 1944 he died there of pneumonia.

Last spring Mondrian's chief descendant in threads was engineering-trained Courrèges. This fall it is St. Laurent, who got the idea from a book of paintings that his mother gave to him. Of course, a St. Laurent original of a copied Mondrian costs \$800; the highest price that the artist ever got during his lifetime for one of his paintings was \$450.

PAINTING

The Canal Chroniclers

During the 1700s, when rococo ruled Europe, Venice had become its royal city. Carpaccio (1455-1525) had combined the bustle of Venetian business with Renaissance grandeur; Titian (1477-1576) and Tintoretto (1518-1594) mastered the region's robust vitality. Marco Ricci (1676-1729) and

Canaletto (1697-1768) developed the *vedute*, or picture-postcard views, and the *capriccio*, or fantasy. But it was a dynasty of hard-working artists—the Guardiis—that brought Venetian painting to its final fruition. Currently, a display of more than 200 oils and 800 graphics by the Guardiis (see *opposite page*) has drawn 110,000 visitors to Venice's historic Palazzo Grassi, and quickened interest in which of the Guardi brothers, Gian Antonio or Francesco, was the better.

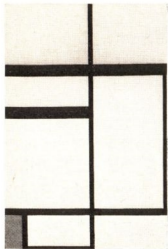
The founder of the painting Guardiis was the brothers' father Domenico, who moved to Venice from Vienna in 1702. Papa Guardi set up a *bottega*, or combination studio and art shop, in an alley on the wrong side of the Grand Canal. His first son, Gian Antonio, became master of the *bottega* and a member of the Venetian Academy long before Francesco, who was 14 years younger. Gian Antonio enjoyed local patronage, turning out blousy, soft-focus baroque scenes based on the mythological tales and Roman historical moments fashionable to the Venetian nobility.

By his contemporaries, Francesco was considered little more than a second-rate Canaletto. Only in 1840 did an Italian art expert defy professional opinions by recognizing his "magical" vision. But Canaletto had copied the architecture of Venice so meticulously, often through an image-flattening camera obscura, in effect, a camera without film, that the city could be reconstructed from his elevations. The more empathetic eye of Francesco Guardi never saw the great bell tower in the Piazza San Marco in the same proportions twice, added nonexistent stories onto buildings and exaggerated the chevron-shaped bridges over the canals for the sake of a painting's mood. In his own day, this earned him criticism for "faulty perspective." Actually, Francesco's nervous flecks of light—his sparkling surfaces that gave stone walls the shimmer of oil-soaked gauze and wavelets on the lagoon the glitter of semiprecious gems—reflect the attitudes of a transitory world charmed more by elegance than substance.

Until the 20th century, Gian Antonio was considered the greater Guardi; Francesco was forgotten. Then the critics of the world united for a second look. Wrote Bernard Berenson of the younger Guardi: "He had a great predilection for the picturesque and for what we might call instantaneous effects. He thus anticipated the romantic impressionist painters of the 19th century." In fact, Francesco Guardi was the last master of the Venetian school. A younger brother, Nicolò, is today remembered as "an exquisite cabinet painter." A sister, Cecilia, married the fabulous painter of soaring ceilings, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, who died in 1770. Guardi painted until his death in 1793. Four years later Napoleon's power put an end to the Venetian Republic.



MONDRIAN BY MONDRIAN



"COMPOSITION" (1931)



MONDRIAN BY ST. LAURENT (1965)

At the result, an unprimary shade of purple.

THE GUARDIS: A Venetian Dynasty



BOLD SHADOW slashing across palace is Francesco Guardi's dramatic way to focus on 1763 coronation of a doge.

THE LOUVRE

PALE RADIANCE enveloping Roman Ruler Scipio and subjects is characteristic of Francesco's brother Antonio.

BRISTOL: OSLO





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PAULO MURRO



BURRI'S "VERMELHO P3" (1961)
Standing eminently in line.

EXHIBITIONS

Biennial Bash in Brazil

Like salesmen, science-fiction addicts and orthopedists, art lovers have conventions too. They are international in scope, the occasion for awarding prizes, and come every two years, presumably on the theory that it takes at least that much time for things to change. Most prestigious of those conventions are the Venice Biennale (70 years old), Pittsburgh's Carnegie International (69 years old) and the relative newcomer, Brazil's São Paulo Biennial, started in 1951.

By the time the public gets in for a look, as is happening this week at São Paulo's eighth Biennial, most of the shouting is over. The real convention takes place in the preview week before the opening, when critics, dealers, collectors and artists live exclusively on cocktails, hors d'oeuvres and art-world politics. With 5,000 works from 54 nations spread along some five miles of walls in an Oscar Niemeyer-designed pavilion, Brazil's biennial provides plenty to politic about.

Quintessence in a Tent. At the advance showing last week were giant tapestries from Poland, motorized mechanical sculptures made out of scrap iron and continuously-tuning radios by Switzerland's Jean Tinguely, and batches of Latin American assemblages glued together out of such rummage-sale remnants as sequined bras, false teeth, rubber gloves and old

shoes. There was pornography from Holland by Johannes Oldeboerrieger (painted genitalia piled on platters) and pornography from Sweden by Ulf Rahmberg (comic-booklike engravings of copulation). There was a Uruguayan artist named Carlos Paez who offered a circus happening in a black tent with motorized cutout forms, flashing lights and noises of factory din, screams, sighs and sobs controlled by the artist himself from an electrical console. Said Paez: "I want to present the quintessence of a slice of life."

Late Starter. An international jury of 21 picked the prizewinners, although it could not wait until the U.S. entries (delayed by dock strikes) were uncrated. The U.S. entrants, a rather pallid and particular group of seven "cool" hard- and soft-edge abstractionists, were conceded to be out of the race anyway, since Americans won both the last São Paulo and Venice biennials. The Grande Prêmio (a gold medal, shorn by poverty of its usual cash bonus) was split between Italy's Alberto Burri and France's Victor Vasarely.

Burri, 50, is a late starter who began making art while detained as an Italian army doctor in a U.S. prisoner-of-war camp. He stood eminently in line for his medal, since he had won minor prizes at the Carnegie International in 1958 and the Venice Biennale in 1960. One of the many European *art brut* abstractionists who explored the beauties of raw texture after World War II, Burri makes a sort of mad Braille with collages of blistered burlap (called *sacco*), charred wood (*combustioni*), and lately, slashed and melted sheets of colored plastic. How to make an esthetic of ugliness is his prime concern, but in the fresh face of contemporary attempts to create more colorful and realistic art, Burri's tortured veneers have come to seem a little drab and dated.

Hungarian-born Vasarely, 57, shares only one thing in common with Burri—he is also a onetime medical student. But, as a grand poppa of art, he and a group to which his son Yvaral belongs have pioneered the complete opposite of a concern for surface texture with high-key colors and razor-cut patterns that baffle the eye. Significantly in terms of São Paulo, two of his son's Paris-based *Groupe* are South Americans with whom Vasarely has great popularity.

Decorative Futility? Although this split decision was diplomatically designed to please everybody, those few people who still think art prizes mean more than pumpkin pie awards at a county fair were hardly satisfied. Rio's *O Globo* labeled Burri's latest "the mere decorative futility of burnt holes in transparent plastic." *Correio da Manhã* simply called the prizes "a scandal." Surely exaggerated, but the overall impact of the São Paulo Biennial was like that of most conventions—fatigue and confusion.

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U.S. BUSINESS

GOVERNMENT

Embattled Guidelines

Few economic experiments of recent years have been more controversial than the Government's economic guidelines, those rule-of-thumb efforts to tell U.S. workers and businessmen how much they can raise prices and wages without bringing on inflation. The Council of Economic Advisors created the guidelines^{*} three years ago, basing them on the doctrine that U.S. wages should rise only as fast as improving technology allows industry's output per man to grow. The council's conclusion, based on long-term estimates of productivity: prices and wages should not rise more than 3.2% annually. The guidelines have remained as official policy under both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Last week they won their biggest victory when Lyndon Johnson invoked them to help squeeze a steel settlement out of labor and management.

Though the President was clearly delighted that the crucial wage rise in steel equalled 3.2% (see THE NATION), he could not take much satisfaction in other recent settlements. Over the past twelve months, pay increases of between 3.5% and 4% have been won in such major industries as aluminum, cement and glass. Container workers won a 3.5% increase, auto workers a 4.8% boost, California construction workers a 6.1% raise for each of the next three years. Last week's maritime-strike settlement, while adhering to the 3.2% formula for its first year, will actually hike the cost of employing masters, mates and pilots by 8.26% a year over the four-year life of the contract, because subsequent (and larger) pay boosts will be added to the first year increase. In the first six months of this year, 1,200,000 workers won pay raises averaging 4%.

Strong Criticism. Such breaches have caused a growing debate about the whole idea of guidelines. Missouri's Republican Congressman Thomas B. Curtis, ranking minority member of the Joint Economic Committee, calls the guidelines "ineffective in practice and dangerous in theory." The danger, he says, is that they shift to labor and management the Government's burden of fighting inflation.

Labor seems equally unhappy—for quite different reasons. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany has warned that enforcement of the guidelines "would lead to the end of free collective bargaining." Labor also believes, as A.F.L.-C.I.O. Chief Economist Nathaniel Goldfinger put it last week, that "all the heat of the guidelines has been on the wage side—a one-sided pressure."

^{*} So known today, but originally, and still, called guideposts by the Council of Economic Advisors in its annual reports.

Indications are that the presidential economists early next year will raise the guideline figure from 3.2% to 3.4%—as labor contends they should—to put it in line with new statistics showing that the U.S. total output and productivity are much higher than had been thought.

Purpose of Consequence. Whatever the guidelines' demerits, the economic council stands by its controversial yardsticks. "The guideposts are always embattled," says Council Member Otto Eckstein. "It's still a free economy, with no wage or price controls." Best of all, he notes, industrial labor costs per unit of output are lower than they were five years ago. All the guidelines can do, after all, is guide. Even as wages and prices respond to the upward push of dwindling unemployment and fuller use of industrial capacity, each fracture serves a purpose of consequence: exposing who and what is joggling the nation's economic stability.

was even given code names—Operation Thunderbolt and Big Deal—to preserve secrecy. During ten tense months of negotiation, the executives involved scratched out details in longhand so that not even confidential secretaries would know what was going on. Last week the secret was out—and it stunned the railroad industry, Wall Street and even Washington. Tuohy's C. & O. and the Norfolk & Western Railway announced that they planned not only to merge with each other but to take in five smaller eastern railroads as satellites. The consolidation would produce the greatest passenger and freight colossus in U.S. history.

Balanced Giants. The system—no name for it has yet been picked—would link 20 states and two Canadian provinces from Portland, Me., to Omaha, from Montreal to Winston-Salem, N.C., over 26,460 miles of track; it would boast annual revenues of \$1.822 billion

THE NEW YORK TIMES



N. & W.'S FEVLER, C. & O.'S TUOHY, C. & O. PRESIDENT DEVINE
Panic, as the secret blew off the sun deck.

RAILROADS

Operation Thunderbolt

Sitting on the sun deck off his 34th floor office in Cleveland's Terminal Tower two weeks ago, the chief executive of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway gasped as an unexpected puff of wind caught the papers at his side and whisked them over the parapet. Walter J. Tuohy quickly enlisted a financial vice president and four aides, and all set out on a frantic search for the papers. For 2½ hours, they scrambled over rooftops, peered out on lower ledges and tramped the rush-hour streets below. No luck.

Tuohy's consternation was understandable. The papers contained facts and figures about one of the best-kept business secrets in years. The project

a year. The new road would be a shade larger than the pending New York Central-Pennsylvania combine (23,271 track miles, \$1,806 billion-a-year revenues) but would have slightly less in total assets (\$5.9 billion v. the Pennsy Central's \$6 billion).

The two merging railroads, which are concentrated in the northeast and midwest, plan to take in the Erie-Lackawanna, the Boston & Maine, the Delaware & Hudson, the Reading and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Both prospering, the roads aim not only at giving the East two competitively balanced giant rail networks (each serving precisely 115 cities of more than 50,000 population) but also at rescuing from possible oblivion the four faltering, largely commuter lines (only the Delaware & Hudson is currently profit-

able). Says Tuohy: "We concluded that a merger that would take care of the indigent railroads would be most constructive."

Prickly Provisos. Tuohy, the C. & O.'s vice chairman, and Herman H. Pevler, the Norfolk & Western's president, attached some prickly provisos to their willingness to take in the indigents, notably that some layer of Government permanently pick up the tab for commuter losses on three of them. Beyond that, the merger must surmount threatened minority-stockholder suits and possible antitrust objections from the Department of Justice, then win approval not only of the five little lines (most of which consider the offered price too low) but also of the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose deliberation may well take three years. The Pennsy and New York Central, though so far insisting that the proposed union only makes the expected ICC approval of their own merger more urgent than ever, may yet file objections. They stand to lose traffic to the other giant.

CORPORATIONS

Room for One More

Detroit's Bendix Corp. is probably best known for a product it has never made. Confusing the \$742 million science and aerospace company with the makers of the old Bendix washer,* housewives telephone company headquarters asking for repairs to fix their washing machines. Bendix Corp. makes just about everything else, though, from bicycle brakes to missile-tracking systems. It embraces 373 different product lines, 28 divisions, nine U.S. subsidiaries and 22 affiliated companies in ten countries. Last week the company drew yet another operation under its wing: for \$5,300,000 worth of stock, it acquired Besly-Welles Corp.,

an Illinois machine-tool maker that had 1964 sales of \$11.5 million.

Competing Within. For all its diversification, Bendix can stand more. The Pentagon's 17th largest prime contractor and an even more important subcontractor (Government business accounts for 64% of its volume), it was hard hit last year by cutbacks in the defense program, saw sales drop to their lowest point in five years. The push for more nongovernment business has been stepped up by a new top management team that took over five months ago. The team: A. P. (for Athanas Paul) Fontaine, 60, the chairman and chief executive officer, and George E. Stoll, 58, president and chief operating officer. Both longtime up-through-the-ranks employees, they have tightened cost controls, informed division heads that they will use Bendix' incentive bonus program to reward good producers and punish poor ones. Result: earnings rose 22% in the April-June period, are up 10% overall so far this year.

Bendix' management faces the constant problem of trying to bring some order out of the company's diversity. Salesmen from separate Bendix divisions with virtually the same product occasionally wind up fighting for the same customer. Two divisions, for example, are competing to sell flight control systems to the major aircraft manufacturers. Bendix maintains that it thus offers a customer alternatives, calls the system "planned internal competition." But it still has to hold regular monthly meetings of division heads to iron out the conflicts.

Reaching Deep. The common denominator for most Bendix activity is the company's specialization in guidance and control systems. Some Bendix control component is a part of every major missile in the U.S. arsenal. With Boeing, Bendix has developed an all-weather computerized navigation and landing system for jets; it has also developed special roving vehicles for unmanned exploration of the moon and a moving lunar laboratory (MOLAB) out of

which astronauts will operate while on the moon.

To reach deep under the sea as well as far into space, Bendix four months ago bought Pasadena's \$16 million United Geophysical Corp., a firm that searches the ocean floor for petroleum and minerals. Through its automotive division, the company already sells \$154 million worth of brakes, carburetors, pumps and power steering systems. By acquiring Besly-Welles, it will also be able to start selling the drills, grinders and metal-cutting tools used in making auto parts. Even now it is going a logical step further and negotiating to buy some of the smaller manufacturers that supply spare parts to Detroit.

ANTITRUST

The High Cost of Price Fixing

When 29 of the nation's electrical-equipment manufacturers were convicted of criminal bid rigging and price fixing in 1961, the gates were opened to a flood of damage suits. Customers have brought almost 2,000 suits against the electrical companies in the past four years. Two-thirds of them have already been settled, almost all of them out of court. Last week a federal judge in Manhattan handed down the second-largest court judgment against the electrical companies since the Great Conspiracy was uncovered. He ordered the General Electric Co. and the Westinghouse Electric Corp. to pay \$16.8 million in damages to the Ohio Valley Electric Corp. and its subsidiary, Indiana-Kentucky Electric Corp., for overcharging on eleven steam-turbine generators that the two Midwest utilities purchased in 1952.

The cost of price fixing comes high. Under antitrust law, customers who can prove that they have been overcharged as a result of price fixing may collect damages worth three times the amount of the over-charge. So far, G.E. has paid out \$225 million in claims, Allis-Chalmers \$45 million. Westinghouse has set aside \$110 million to cover its suits. Included in these totals: last year's record \$28.9 million court judgment against G.E., Westinghouse, Allis-Chalmers and three other manufacturers (TIME, June 12, 1964), of which the companies later settled out of court for \$18 million.

There are still 719 cases pending against the electrical companies, but G.E. and Westinghouse both say that most of their remaining suits are small. The two companies claim that they have already settled 99% of the dollar value of suits brought against them. G.E. stockholders have something more to cheer them up. Last year, because the company paid much of the damage claims out of current earnings, G.E.'s record earnings of \$3.44 per share had to be adjusted to \$2.62. This year the company will pay all claims from a special reserve fund that it says is ample to cover the remaining suits.

* Made by the independent Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., which sold out to Avco in 1950, was in turn sold to Philco. The Bendix brand name has disappeared.

J. EDWARD BAILEY



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WORLD BUSINESS



FOWLER (CENTER) AT THE LOUVRE, FLANKED BY FRANCE'S GISCARD, STATE'S BALL & FOREIGN MINISTER COUVE DE MURVILLE
Country-boy shrewdness for the conservative members of the club.

MONEY

Mr. Dollar Goes Abroad

(See Cover)

In Washington late this month, 2,000 men from 102 countries will gather to discuss what is probably the world's most fascinating, most widely talked about—and most misunderstood—subject: money. Ever since the ancient Lydians set up the first effective monetary system, money has been at the heart of men's lives and business, the fuel of their ambitions, the symbol of wealth and power in almost every society. It has not only made possible but helped to create the vast and complicated structure of modern civilization. Adam Smith called it "the great instrument of commerce," but few who have tried to define it over the years did better than the poet Bion 2,100 years ago: "Money is the sinews of affairs."

As they prepare for their annual meeting in Washington, the men who make up the powerful International Monetary Fund—which aims to stimulate world financial cooperation and prevent monetary crises—are aware that those sinews are more sorely strained than at any time in the postwar period. Perhaps more than ever before, money has become a subject of world-wide concern, debate, even bitterness. Reason: the free world faces the grave possibility of a shortage of money to use in financing its rapidly growing international trade and investment, partly because it has leaned too heavily on a couple of powerful currencies. The result is the loudest clamor in 20 years for a reform and updating of the world's monetary system—that motley of treaties and gentlemanly agreements through which the major nations have agreed to finance their commerce with one another.

Bickering & Complaining. No one need look far to see that the world's money system is not working smoothly. The affluent nations of the West are

bickering with each other over the system's inadequacies and how they should be corrected; the poor nations are complaining that the system works to their disadvantage. Britain's money problems—the pound has faced crisis after crisis—have forced the country into a recession. Charles de Gaulle has hit at the U.S. by exchanging for gold the dollars that France has acquired, thus helping to force the world's richest nation to cut back its spending abroad to stem the outflow of dollars. Such terms as gold outflow and balance of payments have become a part of daily language, a subject for the editorialists and cartoonists; Al Capp's current *L'il Abner* strip is based on a scheme to solve the U.S. balance-of-payments problem.

One basic trouble is that the world has no truly international currency to bankroll its expanding volume of commerce. In order to support most trade and investment, it uses several substitutes: gold and two so-called "reserve" currencies, U.S. dollars and British pounds. But world trade is growing so fast that the reserves cannot keep up with it: since 1959, free world reserves have expanded only from \$57 billion to \$68 billion, while exports have risen from \$101 billion to \$156 billion.

Reserve Primacy. In the rising chorus of voices for reform—joined last week by the IMF and Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr.—the strongest and most influential belongs to the chief financial strategist of the monetary world's most powerful member: Henry Hamill Fowler, 57, the 58th Secretary of the U.S. Treasury. "Improvement of the monetary system," says "Joe" Fowler, "is the major task facing the finance ministers of the free world." Two months ago, Fowler called on financial leaders

to convene—at a time to be negotiated—the greatest monetary meeting of the postwar era. Last week, in his first journey abroad as Treasury Secretary, he jetted through the major capitals of Europe in an effort to push that meeting and to sell the idea of reform to the men who manage Europe's money. Accompanied by a distinguished delegation that included Under Secretary of State George Ball and Under Secretary of the Treasury Fred Deming, Fowler hoped to determine what practical steps can be taken next toward the goal of changing the monetary system.

As the director and defender of the powerful dollar—"Mr. Dollar" himself—Fowler assumes a certain primacy among the West's clubby and powerful group of money managers. The U.S., after all, holds 33% of the free world's gold, accounts for 15% of its international trade and produces almost half of its industrial goods. Nonetheless, Europe's conservative finance ministers and central bankers felt that Fowler's proposal for a reform conference was rather brash for a newcomer—particularly one who had not consulted them in advance. They waited with considerable curiosity to meet this newest member of their club.

The man they met last week is a courtly but outgoing Virginian who acts, talks and looks quite a bit like a country lawyer. Unlike his sophisticated predecessor, Douglas Dillon, who was highly regarded in Europe, Fowler speaks no foreign language and is not notably experienced in the arcane affairs of international finance. In a job whose occupants in past years have often been men of wealth, he is of modest middle-class means. His surprise appointment April 1 was a disappointment to many financiers in the U.S. and abroad who had hoped for a man more in the Dillon mold. What they failed to see—and what they are learning fast—is that Joe Fowler has much of that deceptive country-boy shrewdness

* When he was a teen-ager in Roanoke, Va., Fowler got the nickname from a Greek immigrant restaurant owner who had trouble with any Anglo-Saxon name except that one. The handle stuck.

that marks his good friend, Lyndon Johnson.

Fowler is an adept negotiator who prepares for every task with compulsive thoroughness. He can be simultaneously friendly and cautious, has a disarming sense of humor. He also possesses a broad, basic background in all areas of the U.S. economy, and a political instinct that has been finely honed during a Washington career of some 32 years, roughly half in Government and half in law practice. He has countless friends in Congress and the business establishment, and he has the ear of Lyndon Johnson, who can hardly find enough adjectives to express his admiration: "He's prudent, careful, able, loyal. He's a leader of men."

Toward a D tente. Fowler's first stop last week was Paris, where he got a predictably cool reception. Though France was the first to press hard for monetary reform, it is in no rush for it right now, disagrees with the U.S. on how it should be achieved and what nations should carry it out. France's elegant, ambitious Finance Minister Val ry Giscard d'Estaing pointedly did not meet Fowler at Orly Airport, and the talks got off to a slow start. After two days of discussion and some gastronomic milestones in Giscard's private dining room, however, the air warmed considerably.

Fowler assured Giscard that Washington will not rush into a hastily prepared monetary conference, and that the U.S. is flexible and open to negotiation about most of its monetary posi-

tions. "I came here not to arrange a conference," said Fowler, "but to start discussions that might lead to one." Giscard d'Estaing had thawed so noticeably at the end that he went so far as to violate De Gaulle's French-officials-speak-French policy by rising to toast Fowler in English. The talks clearly produced a *d tente* in the strained Franco-American monetary relations, and they gave the French a new respect for Fowler as an articulate and careful negotiator.

Flying on to Rome in a two-prop U.S. Air Force Convair T-29, Fowler met with Italian Prime Minister Aldo Moro, Governor of the Bank of Italy Guido Carli, and Treasury Minister Emilio Colombo. The Italians have been more sympathetic than most Europeans to the U.S. call for reform, and this time the meetings were cordial from the beginning. "We have given our fullest support" to the idea of an international conference, said Minister Colombo as he and Fowler left the meeting. For the first time, Fowler indicated that the U.S. has a timetable for reform: talks to begin later this month at the IMF meeting and to end no more than six months later, then an international concord on reform by late 1966.

In Bonn, Fowler found the West Germans more receptive to his call for a monetary summit meeting than the French, but somewhat less so than the Italians. The Germans are not so much worried about the possibility of a money shortage as they are about the inroads of U.S.-owned firms, would like to put limits on the amount of dollars that U.S. businessmen could spend abroad. As Fowler at week's end prepared to move on for talks in Sweden, Britain and The Netherlands, however, he was heartened and surprised by the extraordinarily warm tribute of Bundesbank President Karl Blessing: "Mr. Fowler, we want you to know that you are among friends."

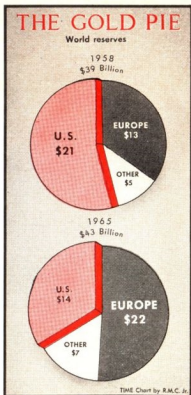
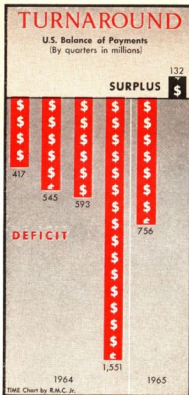
Changing Economy. There is every indication that the Europeans were impressed by the man who has taken on the Treasury secretaryship at a crucial point in U.S. economic history. The office of Treasury Secretary, obviously one of Washington's most important jobs, has been held by a distinguished line of men that began with Alexander Hamilton. In Room 3330 of the Treasury's grey granite Greek-revival building, the office of the Secretary, are made decisions that stretch across the fields of defense, foreign policy, trade and aid, and that affect the pocketbooks of all Americans.

Hardly any decision is taken by the Government without first weighing its impact on the U.S. economy and consulting with the Treasury Secretary. Fowler's Treasury collects \$100 billion a year in taxes and pays it all out again with more than 300 million checks. It stores \$51 billion in cash and securities in 15 vaults beneath Fowler's office, and each week routinely refinances \$2.2

billion of the federal debt. The Treasury mints and prints the nation's money, has 88,000 employees, directs the Coast Guard, and, next to the FBI, runs the biggest law-enforcement enterprise: the Internal Revenue Service sleuths, the Narcotics Bureau, the Customs Bureau and the Secret Service.

What makes Fowler's tenure particularly challenging is the important changes that are sweeping over the U.S. economy. International monetary policy has become an overriding consideration in Washington's deliberations, and the loss of U.S. gold to other nations continues to influence many decisions. Furthermore, the Government is involving itself more and more in the U.S. economy. Lyndon Johnson realizes that he needs good times to finance his Great Society programs, and he intends to keep the economy in its present high gear by selectively increasing Government spending, reducing taxes and applying wage and price guidelines. Fowler's influence and power are all the greater because Johnson is no economic theorist; he knows what he wants, but he does not know exactly how to get it done. For that he depends on the economic team headed by Fowler.

Fowler is one of the best-liked men in Washington. Businessmen know him well from his past work as Treasury Under Secretary (1961-64) and from his private law practice, in which his many blue-chip clients included the Automobile Manufacturers Association, Olin Mathieson and Corning Glass. Most Congressmen are impressed by his long





"LIL ABNER" HELPING TO SAVE THE ECONOMY
Also, stay at home and drink domestic wine.

experience in many phases of Government. As Johnson's chief economic-monetary spokesman, Fowler confers with the President at least half a dozen times a week, often pops into the White House to sip root beer and chat about business. He has already established himself as the leader of the President's "quadriad" of four top economic policy-makers, who are charged with keeping the U.S. economy brisk and rising.

Prayer for the Pastor. The manager of the U.S.'s international monetary policy is a Norfolk & Western Railway engineer's son who earned a doctorate in law at Yale ('33) and was an editor of the *Law Review*. Joe Fowler hitched on to the New Deal as a Tennessee Valley Authority attorney, quit the Government in 1946 to head his own Washington law firm, then was called back temporarily in 1951 to work in the Office of Defense Mobilization, of which he became boss the following year. In 1961, when Republican Douglas Dillon needed a savvy Under Secretary to help steer legislation through the Democratic Congress, he recommended Fowler to President Kennedy. Before accepting the job, devout Episcopalian Fowler asked his minister, the Rev. William Sydnor, to "pray for God's guidance" for him. The answer was yes.

In early 1964, Fowler returned to private law to earn some money, went on to organize the star-spangled Businessmen for Tax Reduction, which saved the tax-cut bill by selling the idea of deliberately incurring a budget deficit; he also headed Businessmen for Johnson and Humphrey. Whenever Johnson ran into Fowler after the election, the President asked if he had made enough money to return to Government. When American Electric Power Co. President Donald Cook turned down his bid for the Treasury, Johnson turned almost automatically to Fowler. Summoning him to the Oval Room, Johnson said: "I have not come to ask, I have come to tell, and I want you to do the same thing. Would you mind going home for lunch and telling Trudy you are going to be named Secretary of the Treasury?" Fowler protested that he and his wife planned to leave for Europe in a few days. Replied the President: "Don't bother me with details."

Now Fowler leaves his Federal-period (1809) red brick house in Alexandria, Va., at 8 a.m. in his air-conditioned black Cadillac, often gets on the radio-telephone to the Treasury switchboard during the 20-minute drive. He almost always lunches in his office, which overlooks the White House south lawn. Over his desk on a typical day pass a CIA report, a survey on an Asian development bank, a balance-of-payments prophecy, a study on nuclear policy, a request for a Coast Guard cutter in the South China Sea. When he breaks for the day at 8:30 p.m., he lugs home a briefcase full of staff papers that he works on until midnight—or much later. Fowler is so busy that he and his wife rarely entertain any more, and he has limited himself to a single cocktail a day to keep in working shape.

As Treasury Secretary for only five months, Fowler has already made his weight felt in Washington. He eased through Congress an increase in the federal debt ceiling, from \$324 billion to \$328 billion. He cut the silver content of the nation's coins for the first time in more than a century. Just before leaving for Paris, he advised the Pres-

ident about the economic implications of the steel negotiations, sent him a sheaf of memos to keep him busy in Fowler's absence.

Stability & Security. No task that Fowler takes on is more important than his assignment to protect and defend the position of the dollar. All the talk of reform, all the plans and schemes inevitably raise a basic but difficult question for the U.S.: Should the dollar continue to be almighty?

The U.S. never consciously sought its present fiscal pre-eminence, but will not lightly surrender the role and responsibility that it has acquired. The dollar has been dominant in the world monetary system for decades. The postwar pattern was set when a conference of political and economic leaders from the Allied powers, meeting at Bretton Woods, N.H., decided that postwar commerce should continue to be financed by gold, pounds and dollars. Because the pound had been battered by the war and gold was in short supply, the dollar became the most fluid unit for international exchange, and the U.S. Treasury became a commercial bank to a capital-starved world. Through foreign aid, loans, investments and gifts, the U.S. has poured out a net of \$97 billion during the past two decades.

The dollar has become the world's most powerful and mobile currency, freely crossing borders and financing most of the postwar expansion of global trade. Despite the U.S.'s recent monetary problems, it remains the most highly prized currency, backed by the huge productive power of the U.S. economy and the integrity of one of the world's oldest governments. The dollar is literally as good as gold because the U.S. stands ready to redeem it for gold. It has held its value better than the currency of any other major nation in recent years. Though some Americans complain about the decline of its worth resulting from inflation, the dollar has

HOW MONEY TALKS

A Partial Glossary of Monetary Language:

International Liquidity: the degree to which money and gold are available for international transactions. Liquidity is maintained when there is sufficient money, and that's good; it dries up as the supply of money decreases, and that's bad.

Devaluation: reducing the value of a nation's currency by making each of its units of money worth less in gold. This enables foreigners to buy that country's goods for less while forcing nationals to pay more for foreign goods—one way of reducing a payments deficit.

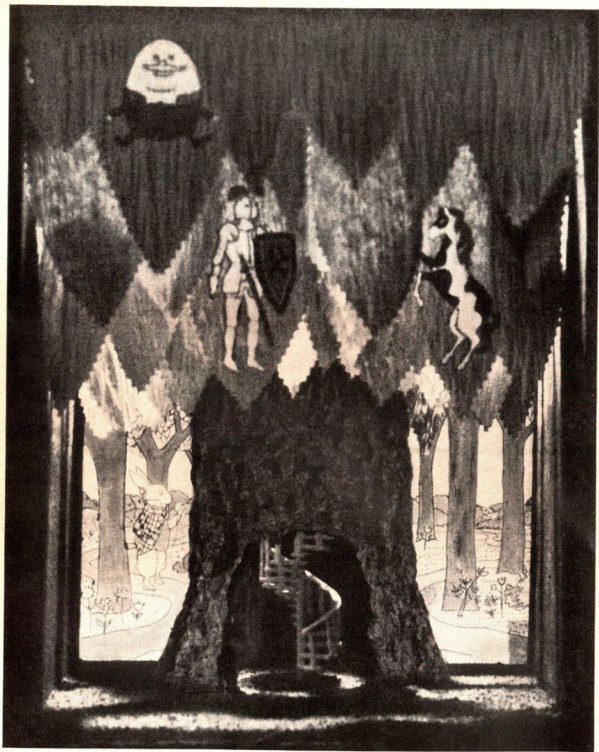
Revaluation: increasing the value of a currency by making its money unit worth more in gold, as both West Germany and The Netherlands have done in recent years.

Convertibility: the quality of a currency that enables it to be freely exchanged for gold or other currencies in all types of international transactions.

Par: the amount of gold for which a nation is willing to exchange its unit of currency. This figure is registered with the International Monetary Fund, and may not be changed by more than 10% without the approval of the IMF.

Gold Cover: the percentage of a nation's total money supply that its law requires it to back with gold; in the U.S., it is 25%.

Reserves: a country's holdings of gold, dollars, sterling and other convertible currencies kept for payment in international transactions.



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87% as much purchasing power today as a decade ago, while Britain's pound has only 80% as much, Japan's yen 72% and France's franc 64%.

The free world's monetary system, though overly dependent on the dollar, has worked remarkably well. It has not only given the world enough capital and confidence to prevent the deflations that plagued nations during the 1930s, but has also vastly expanded world trade and travel, knit together the free economies, and greatly enhanced the wealth of nations. It has brought some advantages to the U.S. as well. By pumping out its dollars, U.S. business has earned substantial profit, and the U.S. Government has earned prestige.

Because of its stability, security and



Who beat Goldfinger to Fort Knox?

...the dollar is the world's most widely used currency...
...the dollar is the world's most widely used currency...
...the dollar is the world's most widely used currency...

BALANCE-OF-PAYMENTS AD

Power to bludgeon and bother.

superior buying power, the dollar is eagerly sought by foreigners. Last week the Federal Reserve's Martin called "a fact of financial life" the habit foreign nations have of supporting their faltering currencies with dollars. Shopkeepers in many parts of the world give generous discounts to tourists who pay in dollars. Millionaires in Latin America and other developing areas convert their own currencies into dollars—paying a high premium for the privilege—and often deposit the dollars in U.S. banks.

Unfriendly Attack. There is, inevitably, a reverse side to the coin. This vast outflow of dollars—for aid, military assistance, business investment, tourist spending—has for 14 years exceeded the money flowing into the U.S. from its foreign transactions. Result: a chronic deficit in the U.S. balance of payments. What makes the payments deficit so serious is that each deficit dollar is like a check written against the

gold supply of the U.S. Treasury, which is pledged to exchange foreign-held dollars for gold upon demand. Largely as a result of its payments deficit, the U.S. has suffered a steady loss of gold to nations holding dollars.

Because foreign central banks have built up—and cashed in—tremendous stocks of dollars, Fort Knox's bullion hoard, which backs the value of the dollar, has plunged in the past seven years from \$21 billion to \$13.9 billion. Foreigners now hold \$27.7 billion in dollars—almost twice the value of the U.S. gold supply—and they can demand gold for them at any time. Though it is highly unlikely that they would ever cash in enough to break Fort Knox or force the U.S. to devalue the dollar, the mere fact that they have the power to do so is a bludgeon and a bother to the U.S.

The most unfriendly attack on the dollar has been pressed by France's Charles de Gaulle, who seeks through economic mischief to gain his own political ends and lessen the U.S.'s influence abroad. In the past year, De Gaulle and Giscard d'Estaing have pushed to upgrade the trading power of gold (of which France has plenty), cashing in \$800 million worth of dollars for U.S. bullion. Imitating the French, West Germany, Spain, The Netherlands, Belgium, and Switzerland have also traded in many millions of dollars for Fort Knox's gold.

"Good & Encouraging." To protect the dollar and to bring some discipline to its payments situation, the U.S. has had to adopt some unpleasant moves this year. It has trimmed foreign aid to the lowest point ever, \$3.38 billion, cut overseas military spending almost everywhere except in Viet Nam, and pared the value of goods that U.S. tourists can bring back home duty-free. More important, the Government has placed a tax on loans to foreigners by U.S. banks and has asked businessmen to "voluntarily" clamp down on their overseas investments. The drive has been brought home dramatically—and somewhat amusingly—by the President's insistence that U.S. wines rather than foreign ones be served at the White House and at all U.S. embassies, and by the use of *Goldfinger* posters to point up the balance-of-payments problem. The Government has also tried to get more tourists to see the U.S. first, but that drive has been a flop: tourist travel abroad is up 20% this year.

Nonetheless, the measures have begun to work. Last month Fowler announced "good and encouraging" results: U.S. payments ran a surplus of \$132 million in this year's second quarter—its first black ink since 1957. Though gold continues to drain off as foreigners cash in their accumulated dollars, the Government last week reported that the July loss of \$80 million was the lowest all year. This interim success has deeply impressed skeptical European bankers, who doubt that their

own businessmen would put patriotism over profits. Of course, the Government has such great powers over private business that it would take a brave businessman indeed not to "volunteer" to help. Though Fowler warns that the gains may be only temporary and that further tightening of discipline is necessary, he believes that the U.S. is on its way to solving its payments problem. Says he: "The U.S. economy and its agent, the dollar, are overwhelmingly strong at home and abroad."

Eloquent Reason. As a result of this, Fowler last week brought a new message to Europe: the dollar crisis is over. Since Fowler feels that it is only a matter of time before the U.S. permanently solves its balance-of-payments problem, he believes that the free world should get ready right now for the inevitable result of that solution: a drying up of the amount of dollars in the world and a consequent lessening of the amount of money available to finance trade. As Fowler sees it, this is the most eloquent reason for pressing for a revised money system. Said he last week: "The preparatory talks for a monetary conference are the same sort of contingency planning we have to make to defend the access roads to Berlin. If you wait to do this until these roads are cut off, it is too late."

While the U.S. is improving its position, the troubles of its closest monetary ally, Britain, are continuing. Though Britain's primary problem is that of living beyond its means, the British plight has been aggravated by the country's position as a reserve nation whose currency is subject to all sorts of alarms. Britain's reserves of gold and hard money have been dropping almost steadily for 3½ years, are now down to \$2.6 billion. In the clubs and pubs of London's City and other European money markets, talk persists despite all denials that Britain may be forced to devalue.

That drastic action, which would help Britain's trade deficit but do nothing to solve its gut problem of low productivity and high prices, is a constant source of worry to Lyndon Johnson and Joe Fowler. They fear that British devaluation would upset world money markets, force some other nations into devaluation to remain competitive, and price U.S. exporters out of markets where they compete head on against the British, notably in Latin America. For economic, political and sentimental reasons, the U.S. will do everything it can to bail out Britain.

Les Anglos. Just about all the world's money managers agree that the present monetary system has become outmoded, outdated and eminently unfair. When it comes to deciding just what should be done to change it, though, there is widespread confusion and sharp disharmony. All the major money powers have their own ideas for tinkering and tampering with the system, but the nations are broadly divided into two camps: Europe's Continentals on one



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side and *les Anglois*, as De Gaulle calls the U.S. and Britain, on the other.

The U.S. wants a change in the system not only because it fears that a payments equilibrium would retard international trade by drying up dollars, but because the U.S. has been gravely penalized for serving as banker to the world. Most nations get into balance-of-payments problems because they run a trade deficit; the U.S., on the contrary, exports far more than it imports. It has got into its payments difficulty because it pumps out so many dollars in ways that help the rest of the free world: foreign aid, tourism and lending to capital-starved nations. Now the U.S. wants some of the newly rich Continental nations to carry more of the burden of financing world trade.

The Continentals, on the other hand, complain that the U.S. dollar—and, to a lesser extent, the British pound—have too much power in the world economy. Germany, the Benelux countries and several other nations of the Continent do not go along completely with Charles de Gaulle—who has retreated from his earlier bid to restore the gold standard—but they are moved by a rising tide of economic nationalism, want to upgrade the status and powers of their own currencies at the expense of the dollar.

The Continental money men also complain that the current system too easily allows acquisitive U.S. companies to buy up European industries and to inflate economies with dollars over which the money men have no control. If the U.S. wants to take over more of Europe's companies, they argue, it should be forced to dig more deeply into its gold stock instead of paying off in dollars, which are often not cashed in but float through Europe's banking system in the form of Euro-dollars.

New Money. Bankers and economists from the Rhine to the Potomac are chewing over basic reforms of the money system. Separate and secret working groups have been set up by the IMF, the U.S. Treasury, the Common Market and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Lyndon Johnson recently named a blue-ribbon monetary-reform committee that includes former Treasury Secretary Dillon, Bankers David Rockefeller and André Meyer. The monetary debate has brought forth basic plans for reform from such eminent economists as Yale's Robert Triffin and Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson (both of whom propose to turn the IMF into a supercharged world central bank with powers to create its own money), and France's Jacques Rueff (who wants a return to the gold standard but is now almost alone in his stand).

The idea of creating an international money has become one of the most widely discussed ideas for reform. The industrial powers would contribute their own kroner, francs, marks and yen to some kind of international agency that would then print, issue and regulate

the new money for use in international trade and finance (it would not be used by citizens of individual countries). Several powerful forces have adopted this idea in various forms. The Common Market is discussing ways to generate its own six-nation currency for international trade, and France has been pushing to create a ten-nation "cru" (composite reserve unit).

The U.S. basically favors reforming the monetary system by increasing the amount that each industrial nation would contribute to the IMF and broadening the IMF's lending powers, thus insuring an increased supply of money and credit. It has been against many of the details of both the Triffin plan and the French cru because both would completely displace the dollar in in-



FWLW & ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Go home and tell Trudie.

ternational trade, but it is now coming around to the idea of an international currency. Fowler insists that any new currency must supplement—and not supplant—the dollar and the pound. The dollar must maintain its position as the world's most important currency, cannot be devalued, must keep its role as a currency used in reserves. In his talks with Giscard d'Estaing, Fowler said that the U.S. might now favor a new international currency—but only after Giscard agreed to negotiations at this world's IMF meeting for reform.

Rewards & Burdens. A big question, of course, is just who would control any new currency. The U.S. would like any monetary reform to be in the hands of the IMF, in which its influence is dominant. France and its Continental allies want to work any reform through the Group of Ten's powerful industrial

nations, in which the U.S. has membership but the Continentals collectively have the greatest voice. The Continentals would thus like to keep reform a club affair not involving the underdeveloped nations. Fowler indicated last week that the U.S. may be warming to the idea of reform through the Group of Ten—but it would still prefer the IMF. In a book published this week, *Monetary Reform for the World Economy*, former Under Secretary of the Treasury Robert Roosa speaks up for new money to be created within the IMF—a position that European money men believe may reflect just what the U.S. wants.

Taken together, the best features of these plans would repair the inadequacies of the current system. The money drought would be alleviated for developing nations, which would be able to borrow more readily from the international treasury. Nations suffering from temporary financial embarrassment, such as Britain, would be able to borrow fairly easily instead of devaluing. The Continental countries, by contributing their own currencies to the new reserve fund, would share in both the rewards and burdens of serving as banker to the world. And the increased supply of reserves would ease the pressure on the dollar because 1) the U.S. could easily borrow the new reserve units when it needed to tide over balance-of-payments debts, and 2) foreign dollar holders could exchange their excess dollars for the new reserve units instead of for U.S. gold.

No Roses. Cautious Joe Fowler favors evolutionary change, working through existing machinery rather than rushing to embrace radical ideas. "There are plenty of reform plans floating around," he says. "The problem is to find an acceptable one. I don't expect that my path will be strewn with roses." Negotiations toward any change will be hard, and agreement will be long in coming, but Fowler's trip to Europe has already heightened a new spirit of compromise and led to a general agreement among the money managers that they must begin serious, continuing talks now. Fowler's friendly persuasion has also made it certain that plans for reform will be on the top of the IMF's agenda.

When reform comes, perhaps within two years, one inevitable consequence will be less dependence on the dollar and more reliance on other forms of finance—a development the U.S. would welcome. The dollar will no longer be almighty in the sense that it is called upon to do the whole world's work. But neither Fowler nor anyone else in the Administration intends to concede an inch (or a penny) when it comes to the dollar's basic value and its power to move freely around the globe. The dollar will remain the world's most potent money, as befits the currency of the world's most powerful country. If anyone wants to call that being almighty, then that is all right with Joe Fowler.



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SPORT

BASEBALL

Exit the Genius-Crown

The face that launched a thousand jokes was frozen grey and grim. The voice that frustrated generations of newsmen and an antitrust subcommittee of the U.S. Senate was curiously grammatical as Charles Dillon ("Casey") Stengel, 75, announced last week that he was retiring as manager of the New York Mets. "At the present time," explained Casey, leaning heavily on a cane, "I am not capable of walking out on the ballfield. If I can't run out there and take a pitcher out, I don't want to complete my service."

Ever since he broke in as a bandlegged minor-league outfielder 55 years ago, somebody or other has been suggesting that baseball could get along fine without Casey Stengel's services. During his playing days, in Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia and New York, he was variously known as "Billiard Ball Stengel" and "Casey the Clown" for 1) his hardheadedness in doing things his way, and 2) his penchant for practical jokes. There was the time, for instance, when he tipped his cap to the crowd, and out flew a sparrow. Such antics made it easy to forget the fact that his lifetime batting average over a dozen big-league seasons was a solid .284, and that he outhit Babe Ruth in the 1923 World Series—batting .417 and winning two games singlehandedly with clutch home runs.

Broken Necks. The idea that behind those floppy ears beat the brain of a baseball genius did not occur to the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Boston Braves—whom Casey managed for nine years without ever getting out of the second division. The Dodgers finally paid him for a whole season *not* to manage. Then in 1949, Stengel took over the New York Yankees—and the clown became the "Old Perfesser." In twelve years he won ten American League pennants (a record) and seven World Series (another record). Critics insisted that anybody could win with the Yankees. But was that it? "I was just a kid shortstop, 19 years old," says Mickey Mantle, "and Stengel made me into an outfielder in a month." When Billy Martin reported to the Yankees in 1950, his main claim to fame was that he had led the Pacific Coast League in errors by a second baseman. In 1953 Martin led all American League second basemen in double plays, set a World Series record by pounding out twelve hits in six games, including a double, two triples and two home runs. "Casey was some psychologist," says Martin. "He'd say, 'Look at that little feller—he can do everything.' And I'd break my fool neck trying to live up to it."

Not all of the Yankees were so loyal. When starting pitchers insisted "I'm not tired," Casey would growl, "I'm not



INTERVIEW BY UNDERWOOD

PLAYING FOR BROOKLYN



BY UNDERWOOD

CASEY



THE NEW YORK TIMES

LEAVING THE METS

Imagine. Once they paid him not to manage.

tired either, so I'm gonna bring in a new man before I get tired watchin'." Batters resented being replaced by pinch hitters—sometimes before their first turn at bat. Whenever a Yankee player made a mistake, Stengel would discuss it for hours with New York sportswriters—"my writers"—in that incredible prose known as "Stenglese." "You open a paper in the morning," Third Baseman Clete Boyer once complained, "and you read how lousy you are."

Under the Table. The writers loved Stengel. He could drink most of them under the table. New York fans loved him, too, as the Yankees found out when they fired him after the 1960 season. In 1962 Casey signed on as manager of the National League's fledgling New York Mets. "The amazin' Mets," he called them—and they were all of that. The Mets lost games in the longest (23 innings, 7 hrs.) and shortest (27 straight outs) ways possible. They were the only team since 1899 to lose 120 times in a single season. They finished dead last in 1962, 1963 and 1964, and they are a cinch for the cellar again this year. But there was Casey yacking away in Stenglese, calling his pitchers "plumbers" in front of everybody and standing on the dugout steps shouting "Whommy! Whommy!" to put the hex on opposing teams. So the fans flocked to the park—1,732,597 of them last year, almost 500,000 more than the Yankees drew while winning the American League pennant.

On the eve of his 75th birthday in July, Stengel fell and fractured his hip. Doctors told him that he might never walk properly again, so Casey, who has been quietly salting it away for years, decided to go home to his bank (the Valley National of Glendale, Calif.), his "dozens" of oil wells, his stock portfolio, and his six-story office building in Glendale. He was still on the Mets' payroll as the club's "West Coast vice president"—or, in Stengel's words, "the highest-priced scout you've ever seen." Coach Wes Westrum would man-

age the team for the rest of 1965. After that—well, the Mets are accustomed to losing ball games, but it will take them a while to get adjusted to losing Casey.

They Can't Even Give It Away

The Los Angeles Dodgers might have been back in Brooklyn the way they were playing. Sandy Koufax, the National League's top pitcher (with 21 victories), had not won a game in three weeks. The Dodgers had lost seven out of their last 13 games; last week the Pittsburgh Pirates edged them 3-2 and 2-1 in a doubleheader—beating Koufax and Don Drysdale. So at week's end there were the Los Angeles Bums—leading the league.

It made no sense. Neither does anything else about the 1965 pennant race, closest and wildest in National League history. Last week only 4½ games separated the top five teams—most of which seemed extraordinarily determined to give the pennant to somebody else. The Milwaukee Braves lost ten out of twelve, still found themselves only two games back, in fourth place. Led by Jim ("Double No-Hit") Maloney, who closed in on Koufax by winning his 17th against six losses, the Cincinnati Reds swept a doubleheader from the Braves and jumped from third place all the way to first. Next day they lost to the reluctant Braves and bounced back to third again. The second-place (½-game) San Francisco Giants had been waiting breathlessly all week for Pitcher Juan Marichal to get back in action after an eight-game suspension for beaming the Dodgers' John Roseboro with a bat. Then word got to Marichal that Roseboro was suing him for \$110,000. He lost to the Philadelphia Phillies, 4-3.

The only real smile around belonged to Pittsburgh Pirates' Manager Harry Walker. Sure, his top pitcher, Vernon Law (record: 16-9), had a sore elbow, and his top slugger, Willie Stargell (92 RBIs), was limping around on an in-

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EGYPTIAN CANDOR WINNING HAMBLETONIAN
All in the family. But will he ever hear the end?

jured knee. But the fifth-place Pirates had won ten out of their last 13 games—including four from the Giants, three from the Braves and two from the Dodgers. Insisted Walker: "With any kind of break, we'll win the pennant." Well, they might at that—since everybody else seems to be trying to lose it.

HARNESS RACING

Mud in Stanley's Eye

Stanley Dancer, 38, is a big man around the East's big-city harness tracks. For three out of the past four years, Trainer-Driver Dancer has been the sport's No. 1 money winner; in 1964, he became the first ever to win more than \$1,000,000 in a single season. But to folks around the back-country "grand circuit," where sulky racing got its start, Dancer still has a big one to go. "Shucks," they say, "that man has never won the Hambletonian." Last week in Du Quoin, Ill., Stan failed again to win trotting's most prestigious race. Guess who beat him? His wife.

If parimutuel betting had been permitted (it wasn't) at the Du Quoin State Fair Grounds, Dancer's Noble Victory would have been the odds-on favorite. Owned by Houston Oilman K. D. Owen, trained by Stanley, and beaten only once in 28 starts, the chocolate-colored three-year-old colt had won more money (\$280,566) than any other Hambletonian contestant in history. The only real competition was expected to come from a rawboned Canadian filly named Armbrø Flight, who was riding an even longer winning streak: 22 straight, but mostly against weaker horses. Nobody, including Dancer, gave much thought to the chances of Egyptian Candor, owned by Stanley's wife Rachel, trained by Stanley and driven by Del Cameron, an old family friend. After all, Noble Victory had beaten Egyptian Candor ten times in two years.

Four in the Fudge. Heavy rain fell all night before the race, and by post time the clay track was the consistency of soft fudge. Unlike flat-racing thoroughbreds, who plant their hoofs, then pick

them straight up—and often revel in the softer footing of an "off" track—trotters slide their hoofs slightly forward each time they take a stride; they tend to slip and get mired in the mud. That is exactly what happened to Noble Victory: twice in the three-heat race, he broke stride; in the third heat, the best he could do was third. "He seemed like he was anchored," said Dancer disgustingly. "He just couldn't handle the going." Armbrø Flight won one heat, Egyptian Candor won another, and an outsider named Short Stop won the third.

The Hambletonian goes to the first horse that wins two heats. So the race went into overtime—a trot-off among the three heat winners. Before the final, Cameron offered Dancer the seat in Egyptian Candor's sulky. Stanley refused, and Cameron went on to win by a head in 2 min. 10.2 sec.—second slowest time in Hambletonian history. "The best horse didn't win," Cameron said later. "Noble Victory was the best horse." Try and tell that to Rachel Dancer, whose winner's share of the \$122,245 purse—\$59,900—put her one up on her husband.

SCOREBOARD

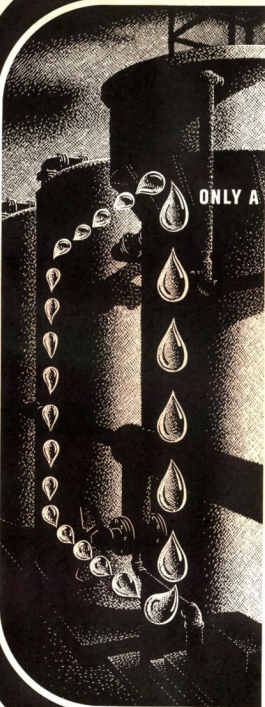
Who Won

► Germany's Ratzburg Rowing Club: the European eight-oared championship, spotting the early lead to a Russian crew, coming on in the last 200 meters of the 2,000-meter race to win by 6 ft.; at Duisburg, Germany, Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club, which beat Ratzburg in a preliminary heat, never came close in the final, had all it could do to salvage third place from a fast-closing Yugoslav eight.

► New York's Cornelius ("Glit") Shields Jr.: the Mallory Cup, emblematic of the North American men's sailing championship; on Lake Pontchartrain, La. Though he did not win a single race, he finished second three times, third three times and fourth twice, won the eight-race series (sailed in 22 ft. 6 in. Ensign sloops) by 31 points over Florida's Edward Balcomb.



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Died. By Phyllis Diller, 48, raucous-toned night-club comedienne; Sherwood Diller, 52, her manager and long-time host of onstage gibes; on grounds of incompatibility; after 25 years of marriage, five children; in St. Louis.

Died. Wendell Johnson, 59, long-time (since 1931) University of Iowa speech pathologist, himself a onetime tongue-tied stuffer, who could barely get his name out when he registered at Iowa's pioneer speech clinic in 1926, conquered his defect and went on to write a famed series of studies indicating that children stammer most often because of "conscientious but misunderstanding listeners, usually mothers," trying overly hard to cure what are only natural defects in early speech; of arteriosclerosis; in Iowa City.

Died. Paul ("Big Poison") Warner, 62, one of baseball's greatest hitters, a bat-boy-sized (153 lbs.) lefthander who went for singles, not homers, and in 20 years in the majors, 15 with the Pittsburgh Pirates, sprayed out 3,152 hits for a .333 average, before retiring in 1945 to occasional coaching jobs—and a niche in the Hall of Fame; of pulmonary emphysema; in Sarasota, Fla. The Big Poison nickname was to distinguish him from his brother and fellow Pirate Lloyd ("Little Poison"), whom he outweighed by 3 lbs.

Died. General Sir George Watkin Eben James Erskine, 66, armor-plated British tankman who won the D.S.O. after Nazi General Erwin Rommel's smashing defeat at El Alamein, later led the famed "Desert Rats" (7th Armored Division) in North Africa, Sicily and Normandy, in postwar years fought his last campaign (1953-55) against Kenya's Mau Mau; of heart disease; in South Cheriton, England.

Died. Francis Trounson Hearle, 78, co-founder and longtime chairman (1950-54) of Britain's vast De Havilland Aircraft Co., an ex-mechanic who helped Sir Geoffrey de Havilland build his first biplane in 1908, later masterminded D.H.'s massive World War II output, including 7,781 Mosquitoes, the famed twin-engined plywood bombers that could hit 404 m.p.h.; of a ruptured aorta; in Hertfordshire, England.

Died. Leonhard Felix Fuld, 82, wealthy Manhattan recluse and philanthropist, whose fortune from stocks and real estate topped \$25 million at his death and whose abiding interest (he never explained why) was the health of student nurses, for which he gave hospitals some \$10 million over the years, all the while living with a sister in one of his Harlem tenements, until she died of malnutrition in 1956; of arteriosclerosis; in Trenton, N.J.





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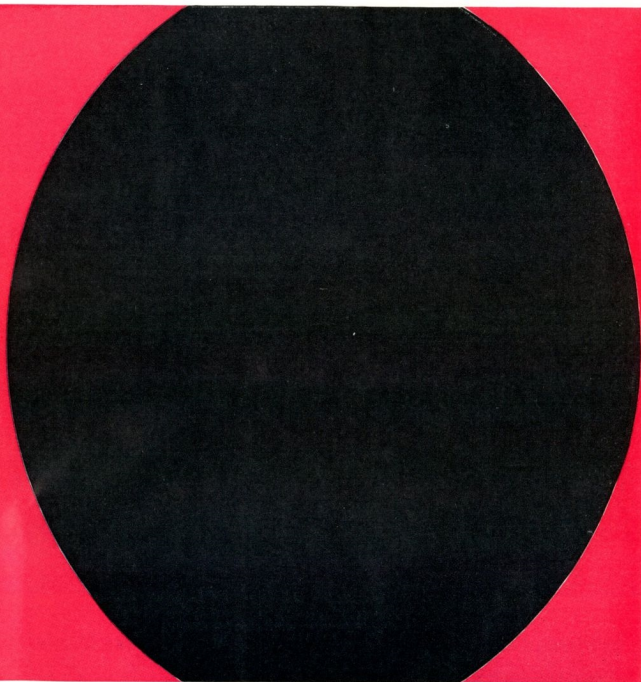
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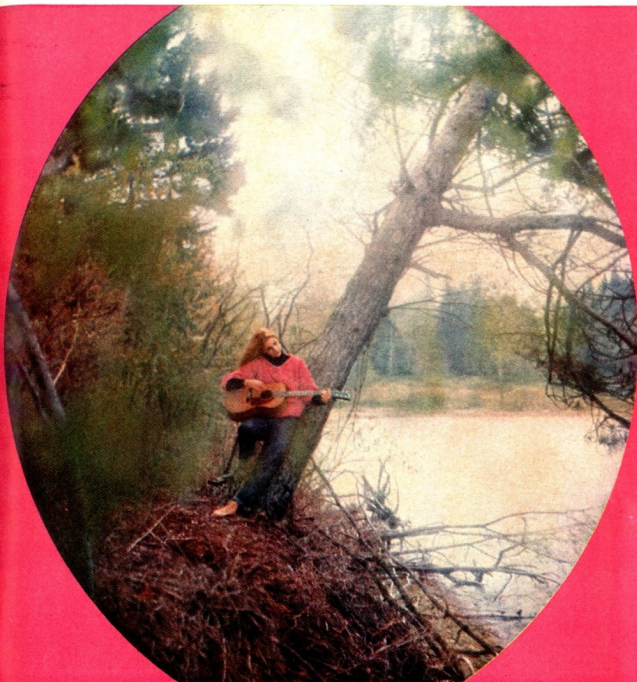
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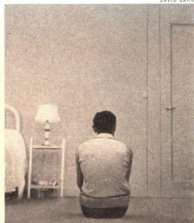
CINEMA

Going AWOL

Life Upside Down. Slight, smiling Jacques (Charles Denner) seems to be an ordinary little man working in an ordinary little real estate office in Paris. He lives with Viviane (Anna Gaylor), an ordinary little model who loves to look at herself in commercials and magazine ads. While taking a bath one afternoon, Jacques experiences a kind of ecstasy of self-absorption so powerful that he fails to notice that Viviane has come home and is chattering away at him. Later, he feels something of the same blissful detachment when he leaves a group of friends in a restaurant and begins to play a pinball machine.

Jacques marries Viviane and now proceeds to go AWOL from the world

DAVID GAUV



DENNER IN MENTAL HOSPITAL

Happiness is making people disappear.

around him. He abruptly leaves the wedding party given by his boss. Fired for his rudeness, he begins to spend his days wandering contentedly by himself. He gazes at things for hours until they lose their conventional reality—an effect brilliantly conveyed by a surrealist camera that converts a slice of bread into a mysterious mass of caverns, an iron lamp base into a writhing monster.

Eventually, Jacques learns that he can see through things as though they do not exist. He can make people disappear at will; he walks rapidly through the daylight Paris streets and the roaring Métro without seeing a soul. Time loses its meaning; he comes home one evening to discover to his mild surprise that he has been away for three whole days.

In despair and incomprehension, convinced that he has another girl, Viviane makes an unsuccessful suicide attempt, then leaves him. Jacques delightedly removes all the furniture but a bed and a table and sits on the floor. He never goes out, eats almost nothing. He explains to a visiting doctor that he has achieved a new clarity of consciousness and awareness of the true nature of things. Even-

tually, the doctor commits Jacques to a luxurious mental hospital, where he sits contemplating on the floor in a private room, nibbling occasionally from a bowl of fruit. He is completely happy. "I have got the better of them," he murmurs as the picture ends.

Has he? Writer-Director Alain Jessua raises the question by contrasting the calm, collected self-sufficiency of Jacques with the suffering of compulsive, confused normal people. Is he suggesting that the contemplative life in the modern world can only be lived in the loony bin—or that the only way to be happy is to be crazy? Jessua lets the audience decide for itself. In any case, Actor Denner, who has the hawk nose and almond eyes of a Persian miniature, is as engaging madman.

Rolling with Rock

A Very Special Favor was written by Stanley Shapiro (*Pillow Talk*, *Operation Petticoat*, *Lover Come Back*, *Bedtime Story*), which means that it is supposed to be hilariously off-color. Off-color it is.

Rock Hudson plays, if that is the word, an absolutely irresistible womanizer. This is subtly conveyed by showing luscious ladies giving Rock the keys to their apartments on sight, while others visit him each morning to cook his breakfast and pick up his laundry. To drive the point home, Hudson dials two girls simultaneously on two phones and tells them both at once that he'll be around later that evening.

Charles Boyer (who presumably knew what he was doing when he signed on for this movie) is so impressed by Rock's supermanhood that he pleads with him to seduce his priggish psychologist daughter, Leslie Caron, and thereby give her a taste of what she is missing in life. Because he owes Boyer a favor, Rock reluctantly but confidently tackles the job. He poses as a patient whose problem is that women constantly tear off their clothes the minute they see him. "What I'd give to have a body nobody wanted!" he sighs, and wonders if perhaps he shouldn't have an operation to make him ugly.

After this situation has been squeezed for as many leers as possible, Rock tricks Leslie into thinking that she turns into a raving nymphomaniac after a few drinks. (Ha!) In revenge, she uses her psychological know-how to render Ladies' Man Hudson impotent. (Ha-ha!) In counter-revenge, he pretends that she has made him homosexual; he shacks up in a motel with a girl who is dressed up to look like a pretty young man. (Ha-ha-ha!)

These goings-on, naturally, convince Charles Boyer that Rock would make an ideal son-in-law, so he sells Rock on the proposition by picturing the revenge he would have by marrying Leslie and "keeping her pregnant all the

time—waddling around with a fat belly." Which is exactly what he does. This desperately tasteless movie closes with a shot of them surrounded by six children, with more to come.

Separation—Italian Style

The Hours of Love is the latest evidence of the low esteem in which Italian moviemakers hold matrimony. Unlike *Divorce—Italian Style*, *Marriage—Italian Style*, and the other changes that have recently been rung in Italy on the dissolubility of marriage, *Hours* is not trying to be funny so much as ruefully amusing. And it succeeds fairly well, thanks mostly to French Actress Emmanuelle Riva (*Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour*) and Ugo Tognazzi, one of Italy's busiest actors.

Gianni (Tognazzi) and Maretta (Riva) are lovers and loving it. They love it so much that they get married



TOGNAZZI & RIVA

Seediness is a shared bathroom.

and move into his apartment in Rome. "Now we can do anything we want!" exults Maretta. "Sing, kiss . . ."

First the singing dies down, then the kissing. Sundays are the worst. She loathes yelling the afternoon away at the soccer match; he can't stand concerts. Director Luciano Salce watches them so well, as they quarrel about money and friends and whether to go out or stay home, that even the familiar soap-opera material comes alive—the painful propinquity of two sour, seedy people sharing the bathroom in the morning, the wife-switchy tension that flickers beneath the surface as a bored foursome takes a Sunday drive.

The *Hours* is also enlivened by a couple of wild parties that are good to watch, thanks chiefly to a stunning Negro in a low-cut evening dress, of whom one of the guests says: "Under the shower she shines like a horse!" But the film's major flaw is a phony, febrile ending that shows the older and wiser married couple dispiritedly going back to their premarital assignations because, as the sound track intones, "The hours of love are scattered and fleeting."

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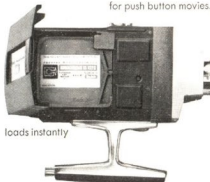
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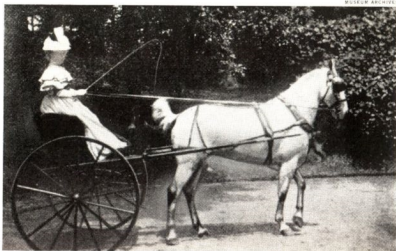


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BOOKS



MRS. GARDNER & FAST-STEPPER
No lions in the basement.

Improper Bostonian

MRS. JACK by Louise Hall Tharp. 365 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95.

It is not true that Mrs. Jack Gardner customarily perched in the branches of a potted mimosa tree to receive her guests, or that she kept a pride of pet lions in her basement. But it is true that she paraded in elegant furs walking a lion on a leash, did Lenten penance by scrubbing the steps of Boston's Church of the Advent, and attended a concert in Symphony Hall wearing a headband emblazoned: "Oh you Red Sox." It is also true that she ardently supported the Boston Symphony, launched Critic Bernard Berenson on his career, and founded an art museum that contains some of the world's finest paintings. She spent a lifetime inventing and exploiting her own legend, and has remained largely a legend since her death in 1924. Now Louise Hall Tharp, whose last book was *The Baroness and the General*, has written the most extensive and carefully documented biography of this thoroughly improper Bostonian.

Famous Figure. Isabella was not noted for the beauty of her face. It was plain and rather round. But she had a famous figure, a nimble mind and charm. "To dominate others gave Mrs. Gardner such pleasure," a close associate later recalled, "that she must have regretted the passing of slavery." Actually, she was not a Bostonian but the daughter of a New Yorker who had made millions in importing and iron mining. At 17, she announced her ambition: "If I ever have any money of my own, I am going to build a palace and fill it with beautiful things." At 20, she married John L. Gardner, son of an old-line Bostonian who had become rich in the East India trade, and was one of Boston's most eligible bachelors. For nearly 40

years, he loyally indulged her whims.

The Gardners settled in Beacon Street. Mrs. Jack studied Dante under Harvard's Charles Eliot Norton, read poetry aloud with Novelist F. Marion Crawford, sat for a portrait by John Singer Sargent, paid Paderewski \$1,000 to play for her privately at home, entertained Henry James at tea (James described the effects of a chat with her as "absolute vertigo"). She wore diamonds in her hair, hung ropes of pearls around her waist, traveled to Europe, Egypt, Java, Japan and Cambodia.

She used her Beacon Street music room as a showcase for young performers, once staged a matinee prizefight for Back Bay's society ladies, who had naturally never been allowed by their husbands to see such a vulgar spectacle. "It was for a purse of \$150," reminisced Referee Jack Sheehan, "and I matched Knucksey Doherty of Donegal Square with Tim Harrington of Cambridge and told them to be themselves. I figured some of those sedate, quietly dressed society women would scream or faint, but the vestal virgins in the Coliseum never looked on with more calm than these high and haughty dames as they watched these two babies murder each other."

With Lunch Pail. With Berenson as adviser and purchasing agent, she gathered a collection of old masters that included Rembrandt, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Velázquez and what many experts consider the finest Titian in the U.S., *The Rape of Europa*. At 60, she realized her girlish ambition. She built Fenway Court, a Venetian-style palazzo, to house her collection. Daily she appeared on the construction site, lunch pail in hand, to harry the architect, fight with the building inspectors.

New Year's night, 1903, she invited fashionable Boston to view the results, received her guests standing at the top

of a vast flight of stairs, treated them with characteristic eccentricity to a supper of doughnuts and champagne. By the terms of her will, Fenway Court became the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum; it is maintained by the income from her endowment and is open to the public. But not a picture can be added or removed.

One of her last public appearances was as a Persian princess at a charity fete in Brookline. Laden with jewels and swathed in veils, Mrs. Jack, then 73, was scheduled to ride in on an elephant. The moment came, the elephant balked, and Mrs. Jack had to enter on foot. It is about the only occasion on record when she failed to get her own way.

Coming Through Alive

THE ART OF SURVIVAL by Cord Christian Troebst. 312 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

"In the winter of 1956-57, a New Yorker and his wife driving along a highway got stuck in a snowstorm. They found shelter in an ice-cold disused builders' shed on the side of the road. The man tried to light a fire in the stove with his sodden matches, but did not succeed. When all his matches were spent, he and his wife wrapped themselves in their coats and some old rags they found there, and lay down to die."

They acted stupidly. Why did neither one of them think of using the gasoline or the cigarette lighter from the car to get a fire going? Yet millions of people nowadays, claims Author Cord Christian Troebst (*Conquest of the Sea*) would have behaved just as ineffectually. In this brisk compendium, Author Troebst recounts a number of harrowing adventure stories and gives some ingenious advice on the art of survival.

Larvae & Butterflies. Much that is known about the art has been learned from people who just had to survive and did. Necessity, in other words, is the



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1 Did you know Tom is studying the new math in school?

Oh, yes—we were just discussing Diophantine equations.



2 I still don't understand the old math.

I notice you sometimes count on your fingers.



3 When I was in school, my best subject was lunch.

How did you ever manage to get a degree?



4 Plain old horse sense, that's how.

Well, have you ever used that plain old horse sense to figure out where we're going to get the money to put Tom through college?



5 I sure have. We're going to get it from my Equitable Living Insurance policy. If something happens to me, the policy will help pay Tom's bills. But since I intend to be around, we can use the policy's cash values to help do the job.

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mother of preservation. During the second World War, for example, a British paratrooper, downed in the desert and separated from his buddies, slogged 200 miles through the sand, quenching his thirst exclusively from the radiators of abandoned Jeeps, tanks and trucks. And an American serviceman lived for 22 days in the jungles of Burma on insects, grasshoppers, larvae, butterflies.

Only recently has the art of survival been studied scientifically. In 1952, to prove that properly trained men could endure the most extreme conditions, French Physician Alain Bombard set out from France to cross the Atlantic in a 15-ft. dinghy—without once tapping his sealed crate of emergency supplies. He caught dolphins and birds and ate them raw, endured three rainless weeks by drinking juices he pressed from fish, dew scraped up from the deck, and a daily pint of sea water. In the course of his 65-day voyage, Bombard lost 55 lbs., suffered from diarrhea, a rash that covered his body, and pockets of pus under his fingernails. But he survived.

Since the Korean War, survival technique has become a standard part of U.S. military training. Some basic techniques for survival in the desert: drink water whenever you are thirsty, no matter how large or small your water supply is (if it runs out, it runs out; your ultimate endurance is not ensured by rationing it); rest in the shade through the heat of the day, travel only by night; keep your clothes on to minimize loss of body moisture through sweating; devise some sort of distress signal to attract attention from the air.

Wax Crayons & Glue. The records show that a healthy man can survive ten days without water (in cool climates), several weeks without solid food (in warm ones), 243 hours without sleep. He can endure air temperatures of 212° (for about an hour), water temperatures of 41° (for about half an hour).

Yet, says Author Troebst, in the event of catastrophe, nothing is so important for survival as native wit and will. He recalls the case of Ralph Flores and Helen Klaben, who ingeniously contrived to survive for 50 days without food in freezing winter weather after their plane crashed in Canada. Even more ingenious were Viryl and Laura Scott, who in 1959 set off with their six children on an excursion into the Grand Canyon, foolishly turned off the main road onto a little-used sidetrack. There the car broke down. They were 50 miles from the nearest town, and the temperature was 124°. With something like a genius for self-preservation, the Scotts drank the water from their car radiator, cut up blankets to make an S O S sign, dipped a tire in engine oil to serve as a signal fire, dismounted the car mirror to flash distress signals at passing planes, set out their hubcaps to catch the morning dew. They smeared lipstick on sunburn blisters and swollen lips, discovered some wax crayons and a pot of glue (made

from milk products) among their luggage and fed them to the children. They cooled their faces with urine-soaked clothes, and buried themselves neck-deep in sand to escape the scorching air. They had just abandoned hope when a rescue party arrived.

The Cursed Spies

BEHOLD THE FIRE by Michael Blankfort. 397 pages. The New American Library, \$5.95.

During World War I, long before the Maccabees of Leon Uris' *Exodus*, a tiny Jewish spy ring began operating against the Turkish rulers of Palestine. It was an unlikely group: an agronomist, a poet, a mule trader, a part-time fiddler, two frightened young women and a handful of farmers, none of whom had ever spied before. As this unusual and



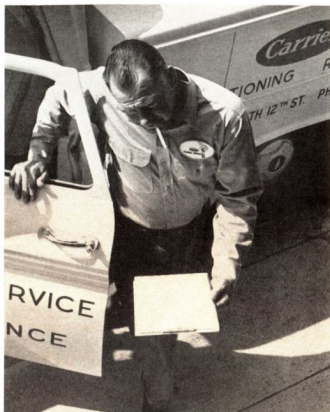
BLANKFORT
 Scratching at a camel's feet.

essentially accurate novel shows, it was a bitter and frustrating adventure—for those who lived through it.

Led by Agronomist Judah Singer, the ring hoped to persuade the British to attack Palestine's undermanned garrisons early in the war, thereby saving the Jewish population from Turkish persecution and paving the way for an eventual Jewish state. Its chances of success, figured one member, were about the same as those of "a chicken scratching at the feet of a camel," while failure might cost the lives of all Palestinian Jews. In any event, as the group well knew, "our people will despise us for what we are doing. Jews have a long hatred against spying. We will be without honor in our own country."

The best they could achieve was partial success, and it probably would have come even without them. The trouble lay mainly with the British, who ignored their carefully documented reports on Turkish military dispositions, kept Singer waiting in anterooms for three helplessness years. Not until his desperate agents managed to hand over the Turkish army code did the British take them seriously, and by that time the invasion had al-

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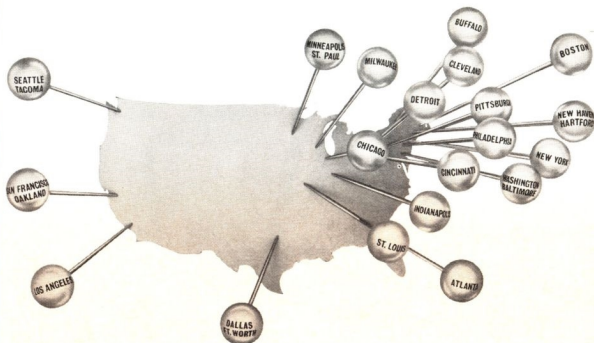
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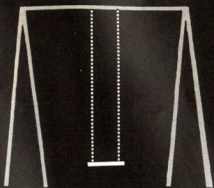
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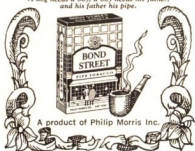
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ready been planned. When Palestine finally fell to the British, most of the ring's principal members were dead and the Jewish communities decimated. And as Singer had predicted, the survivors cursed his spy ring for many years.

Even so, the ring was an important milestone. It was the first Jewish resistance movement in modern Palestine. And it was symptomatic of the unwillingness of many Jews to continue life as a minority group. "I am sick of defending ourselves," proclaims one leading member. "I want to attack. Not as Russian Jewish socialists, or French Jewish republicans or Italian Jewish revolutionaries, but as Jewish Jews."

Author Blankfort, who has a daughter and three grandchildren now living in Israel, has poured his heart into *Behold the Fire*, his eighth novel. His prose at times is hauntingly Biblical. His description of Jewish farmers battling a locust swarm is so vividly and sparsely done that the reader can all but feel the crunch of the crawling vermin underfoot. And his protagonists, growing almost against their will to withstand stresses they never imagined, will not be easy to forget.

Current & Various

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN by Ian Fleming. 183 pages. *The New American Library*. \$4.50.

Even before the official publication date, the late Ian Fleming's final James Bond had jumped into ninth place on bestseller charts, with 80,000 copies already printed in hard cover. What the 80,000-plus readers will find in exchange for their money is a straight down-the-formula Bond book.

Fleming comes on with the usual unusual opening, which has nothing much to do with what follows. It just seems irresistible to have a brainwashed Bond attempt to execute M. This is 007's first understandable failure to complete an assignment. But after that, there is the reliable villain with the strange name, Scaramanga, a master assassin who uses only a golden gun, believes in sexual intercourse before every murder, and has "a third nipple two inches below his left breast." There is the girl. Since there have already been twelve books, and since he never beds with the same type twice, 007 has to fall back on his previously unattainable secretary, Mary Goodnight. It may have been just as well that Fleming died when everybody still thought he could do no wrong.

THE SCHATTEEN AFFAIR by Frederic Morton. 309 pages. *Atheneum*. \$5.

The scene is present-day Berlin. The hero is Leon Spey, an Austrian-American Jew who has become a professor of literature, and is now the highly paid front man for a U.S. hotel chain. Spey is supposed to organize an opening-day celebration for the hotel outfit's newest aluminum and glass waterhole. He needs

the cooperation of the aged and mysterious Prince Schatten, who runs a crumbling resort hotel on the border of East Berlin. The prince is guarded by a sinister doctor and his coldly beautiful blonde daughter. That is the start, but after that Novelist Morton, author of the bestselling biography *The Rothschilds*, does none of the things a novelist is supposed to do. He shapes no story, evokes no emotion, tells no joke, makes no trenchant comment, follows no fascinating or even plausible character. His hero is a jackass even more boring than a professor-turned-president might be expected to be.

SPRING TIDES by Samuel Eliot Morison. 80 pages. *Houghton Mifflin*. \$4.

The salt has never lost its savor for Samuel Eliot Morison of Boston. As a boy, he mastered the literature of the sea from Aeschylus to Conrad. As a man, he became a famous historian of the sea (*Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, *History of U.S. Naval Operations in World War II*). Man and boy, he sailed "down north and up along" the coast of Maine and Nova Scotia summer after summer, and made voyages of opportunity in all quarters of the globe. Now, in a brief delightful memoir, the old salt recalls with affection some of the finest hours he has passed between wind and water—a day in 1961 when everything went right, a day in 1956 when everything went wrong, a long warm summer's sail among the shining isles of Greece. Much of his time is spent making crusty pronouncements from the poop ("A marina is the yachtmen's slum"), and there is nothing here for people who think port is something that comes in a bottle. But anybody who can tell a top earling from a garboard strake will want a copy of *Spring Tides* in his dunnage the next time he does a windward dozen.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE 1453, by Steven Runciman. 256 pages. *Cambridge University Press*. \$6.50.

It was the biggest cannon ever cast. The great barrel was 26 ft. long, and it fired a ball 3½ ft. in diameter that weighed 1,200 lbs. On April 12, 1453, it opened fire on Constantinople, capital city of the Byzantine Empire and the gateway to Christian Europe. At the rate of seven shots a day, the big gun battered at the enormous walls and their 7,000 Christian defenders while an army of 80,000 Turks waited. At dawn on May 29, the Sultan's janissaries stormed the shattered walls and took the city. The spectacular final siege and fall of Constantinople is here meticulously described by Britain's well-known medieval historian, in a volume that can be read as the coda of his massive *History of the Crusades*. Unfortunately, the other three-fourths of the book consists of relentlessly inclusive and superficial summaries of everything that happened in the known world for half a century before and after.



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